

Sanchez-centRick Succubus

by Crilbyte

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Summary: Rick meets a woman at a bar who isn't afraid to go for what she wants; but is she just a pretty face, or is there something more sinister behind those silver eyes?

1. Chapter 1

****Meeting the Succubus****

Morty walked up to the bar and sat down on one of the stools, an exasperated look etched into his face. With a wave he got the attention of one of the bartenders, a strange, bug looking creature. He, _she, it?_ walked over and leaned on the bar and raised a strange, barbed looking eyebrow at him.

"Uh, a, uh, scotch," he pushed out, "Double?" his voice picking up at the end, turning the request into more of a question.

"Aren't you a little young for scotch?" came a voice to his right.

Morty looked over just in time to see a woman sitting down next to him. She was wearing a black dress that was very tight from the waist up; it had a low neckline with long sleeves that hung off her shoulders. All together it left little to the imagination. She had her long black hair pulled around and over one shoulder, peeking through it with heavy lashes and grey blue eyes.

"n-no, no! It's not for me, it's for my grandpa Rick," he said, gesturing behind them, but then jumped before words just started falling out of his mouth. "I, I mean, I've had scotch before. I could get you some if you want, uh, like, if you wanted?" Morty rubbed the back of his neck nervously, trying to grin and play it off, but it wasn't working.

The woman giggled, "its fine, I can pay for my own drinks; besides,

I'm a little old for you, sweetie. That kinda thing is looked down upon in most of the galaxy, not just earth. How old are you, sixteen?" she asked.

"No, I'm fifteen, but- but thanks for guessing high. My name's Morty," he said, offering his hand.

"Karmina," she said, taking his hand softly, "But you can call me Kara."

"Kara," he repeated back.

"Now," she leaned in a little closer to him, her hand cupped around her mouth as if she was going to tell him a secret, and said, in a fake whisper, "Go take your grandpa his drink before he blows a gasket. He doesn't look too happy waiting."

"Yea, sure," Morty said, chagrined. He went to drop the money Rick had given him onto the bar but Karmina caught his hand, holding his fist in hers. He looked up questioning.

"I got it," she winked and pushed a bill across the wood that the bartender quickly picked it up, darting away for change.

"Oh, okay. Thanks." Morty grabbed up the drink quickly and walked back to the table to a glaring Rick.

"The hell took you so long? You're ordering a drink not- you're not making the fucking thing, shit." Rick snatched the drink out of Morty's hand and immediately began drinking it.

"Sorry Rick, the girl at the bar started talking to me," he said nervously, "She paid for it too."

With a raised eyebrow he looked towards the bar to see Karmina smirking playfully at him and his other brow rose to meet the first in surprise; she wiggled her fingers at him in a wave. Without looking away, Rick stood and said, "Wait right here Morty, and don't- don't fucking move or- or- or else something bad will happen to you when I get back. Understand?"

Morty slouched into the chair, and replied with an obedient but monotone, "Yes Rick," before watching his grandfather go up and take his place next to her at the bar. He couldn't hear what they were saying but she was sure giggling a lot. Morty sighed, letting his chin fall into his hands. Rick held up two fingers and the bartender nodded just as Karmina shook her head and held up two fingers as well, causing Rick to laugh. He held up four fingers then and the bartender walked off, quickly returning with four little glass cups of brown liquid.

Rick handed two to Karmina and reached for the remaining ones but Karmina stopped him, grabbing a third and sliding it her way, her eyes half open and a grin on her face. Rick bounced a brow at her and she quickly downed all three shots. She shook her head after, her hair spinning perfectly and settling on her back. Rick's smile went crooked and he said something to Karmina that made her bite her lip and stand. Rick quickly took the shot in front of him as she gripped his sleeve pulling him up. He followed her obediently across the floor and down a hallway that was marked clearly for "Employee's

Only".

Morty audibly groaned, glaring at the hallway after them. Why did this always happen? He always got left behind. And how did Rick always manage to get the most attractive women? He was a sixty year old man, for Christ's sake. Morty sat at the table, drawing shapes in the condensation left from his glass of water while he mumbled to himself.

After a few minutes the boredom began to wear at him. He looked up to see if, by any chance, they were coming back down the hallway. They weren't; but he did notice something else. Karmina's purse sat on the bar where she was sitting. Morty stood and walked to the bar, grabbing the purse and going to sit back down. He didn't think Karmina would be happy to come out and find someone had stolen her purse while she was gone doing god knows what.

Well, Morty knew what, he just didn't want to think about it. Instead he slowly unzipped the bag and peered inside. He knew he was breaking a cardinal social rule, "Never go through a woman's purse", but he couldn't help himself. For the most part it was pretty underwhelming. A comb, a mirror, her wallet, some loose papers, red lipstick matching what she was already wearing, and a little black datebook.

Not interested in any of the other objects, Morty took out the little notebook and starting flipping through it. The first few pages were all contact numbers and addresses, though none of them made any sense to Morty; most of them weren't even written in English. He skipped ahead, opening to the center of the tabbed pages and scanned the page then turned it, doing the same with the next. About four pages in, Morty's brow began to furrow. He slowly turned the page one last time and his eyes went wide.

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Rick let himself be pulled through a swinging door into a dark room and down another equally dark hallway. When they'd reached the far end of the hall Karmina turned around to him, the look in her eye was purely sinister. Rick loved it. She let go of his coat, her hand slowly trailing down his arm until her fingers brushed against his and then sank into her hip, tilting her head and giving her lip a small bite.

"Oooh-ho, you," Rick said with a smirk and squinted eyes.

He took a step towards her but she put a hand on his chest and stopped him in his tracks. Rick raised an eyebrow but happily let her continue. She let her finger trail up his neck, flicking off the tip of his chin and leaned in until she was just millimeters away. Rick waited patiently, his mouth agape, breath heavy; the air between them almost live with electricity.

"Patience was never really my virtue, sweetheart." The words were cold and heavy and before she could even think to process them his arms were around her waist, pulling her hard to him.

"I swear, I don't normally do this kind of thing," she said, her voice breathy.

"Gubba nub nub doo rah kah," he mumbled under his breath before pressing his lips to hers

"MMMNNAAH!" she shouted, breaking the kiss and effectively scaring the shit out of Rick.

"What!? Fuck! What!?" he shouted.

She laid her hand on his chest, pushing him just far enough away that she could see his face clearly. "You can speak birdlanguage?" she asked quickly.

Rick had no idea what was going on, but replied nonetheless. "Yes, along with a few, lot, quite a few more. When, wh-when you travel as much as I do it's kinda important."

"Say something else?" she asked excitedly.

"Like-, like what?" he asked, slightly amused by this new development, "give-gi-gimmie something."

"How do you say, um," she paused in thought, grinning when something came to mind, "How do you say I came not to destroy, but to fulfil."

Rick raised a brow, questioning her strange choice of phrase.

"What, do you not know?" she challenged.

It struck, "Eh-eh-of course I can. Goo no rahmei ahp nar nar mei."

"Oooh," she smiled, "Could you say just one more thing?"

Rick let his hands feel how fit she was under that cute little dress of hers, and just how small her waist was as well. "I could allow such a small request," his eyes slowly meandered their way up from her chest to her sultry eyes, "What else would you like me to say?" the last bit almost a whisper.

She licked her lips, teasingly, before answering in just as quiet a voice, "I don't care, as long as it's sick, perverse, and kinky as all hell."

"Oh, I think I can accommodate." Rick's arms wrapped around her torso, turning and throwing her against the wall. He gave her a sensual look before pressing himself against her and biting at her neck. With each nip saying a word.

"Mana," teeth grazed her flesh, "kip," his tongue pressed to her throat, "wubba," left a cool trail along her skin, "lub," and then sharp and delicious sensation washed over her as he bit down.

Karmina let out little yips with each touch, her head back and her hands in his hair. When she was afraid she might be too loud she bit her lip, effectively muffling her voice slightly. Rick quickly put an end to that, pulling back and leaning in to catch it between his teeth. He gave it a little tug, pulling another gasp from Karmina, before letting it go and pulling her in for a passionate

kiss.

Everywhere he touched a flame erupted. Karmina's mind was spinning, it was difficult to get a complete thought through her mind without losing it somewhere along the way. She felt his fingers trace their way down her back to her waist and then down to her thigh. She gasped at the feeling of him slipping his fingers under her skirt, her mouth opening slightly.

It didn't take Rick long to take advantage of this new situation. At the same time that he let his tongue slide in-between her lips did his fingers quickly do the same, pulling even more wonderful noises from the now trembling girl in his arms. Karmina gripped at his back as she let out little gasps and moans over his rough and adept fingers at play.

She could feel her legs becoming weaker by the second, her knees quivered as they tried to keep her at level with him, but she could feel herself sliding up and down the wall behind her, even if it was only slightly. Between Rick's talented fingers hitting all the right spots and her being so focused on staying standing never noticed that his other hand was no longer touching her.

Catching her off guard, Rick leaned against her for a quick second, his fingers removing themselves with a slight protest from her before grabbing her by her thighs lifting her with ease. Karmina looked at him curiously with glazed over eyes and was met with an intimidating look. Rick's smirk only grew as he balanced her against the wall with one hand and quickly pulled her underwear to the side. She hadn't seen him take it out but she felt it as he let gravity pull her down quickly onto him, filling her up instantly. Her breath hitched a second, followed by a deep and long moan. She pressed her head back and into the wall.

"Oooh-ho-ho, yes," Rick groaned and pulled her up for another round, "That's what daddy likes. Moan louder for me."

It wasn't hard for her to comply. Once he started thrusting, it was all she could do to keep herself from being so loud they would get caught. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled herself to him, burying her face in his neck, her moans muffled against his coat.

"Oh, god, Rick!" she said through her teeth.

"What is it, babe," he asked playfully, "What do you want?"

"Harder," she moaned, her voice high and breathy.

"Not a problem, sweet cheeks." Rick picked up the pace, more or less picking her up and letting her fall back down onto him, with a bit of an upward thrust.

Her whole world was spinning. Karmina pressed her face harder onto his shoulder, completely muffling any noise she was making and Rick wasn't having that at all. Letting the wall hold a little bit more of her weight, he set one hand free and reached up to grab a handful of her hair, pulling her head back and away from him.

"Don't try to hide those nasty sounds from me," he looked her straight in the eyes, his gaze piercing, "I don't care who's fucking listening, you understand?"

She nodded, unable to find her tongue though it was there, licking at her lips.

"No," he paused, leaning in so close that she could feel his breath on her face. "I want you tell me. Promise me you'll be honest and moan for me."

"I promise," she said, though it was only a squeak.

"Good, and when you're close, you're Gonna tell me, right?" he asked, "I can feel you getting tighter around my cock; hungry little thing." Rick tightened his grip on her hair, pulling a low moan out of her.

"Oh, you like that?" he asked, using her hair as reins and forcing her to look up at him, their faces inches apart, "are you gonna cum?"

Karina nodded and Rick gave her one extra rough thrust, grinning when she yelped.

"No, no," he chastised, "I want to hear you say it."

"I'm gonna cum, Rick!" she moaned, dragging his name out into a few extra syllables.

"Mmmnnâ€¦ Me too, sweetie, me too."

Karina wrapped her legs around him then, locking her ankles together and pulling him harder into her. "Inside," she yelled, "fucking cum inside me; fuck!"

Rick let out a low growl, "Don't have to ask me twice."

Karina's moans grew higher and higher in pitch, her legs holding him closer to her until Rick could feel her tighten around him. He leaned down and bit her neck with a groan as she pulled him down with her; filling her more and more full with each consecutive thrust.

Rick gave a few final pumps before stopping, both of their breath heavy. He sat down, leaving himself inside her and letting her sit on his lap on the floor. Karina leaned back against the wall with her eyes closed for a few breaths before laughing a few short laughs.

Rick leaned back as well, holding himself up with his arms, and asked "W-what's so funny?"

She chuckled once more before looking at him, a large grin on her face, "I'm just a little in shock. I can't believe this happened. I never imagined you would be at a shithole bar like this one."

"Yea we-URP-ell, shit happens," he said, passively before snapping his head back up and looking at her intently. "Wait a minute, how-how, w-why do you know my name?" he asked, his hand reaching into his coat instinctively, feeling for his gun which he had left in the

spaceship outside. "Who the fuck are you?"

"Name's Karmina," she said, offering her hand, which Rick reluctantly took, his eyes squinting. "I just know of you really. It's almost hard not to, you sure do like to go around and make a name for yourself, Rick Sanchez," she said his name with inflection, as if to show off her knowledge of it.

"As long as you're not a, one of the fucking, the federation's shitty police force."

"Oh, no," she scoffed, waving her hand in the air for emphasis, "I'm definitely not with the galactic federation. They have no idea where I am, and I like to keep it that way."

"Good," he nodded, "Same."

"Well!" Karmina stood, adjusting her clothing and hair, "I believe you have someone waiting for you in the bar, and I have an appointment I can't afford to be late for, so we should probably head back out there."

Following suit, Rick stood and cleaned himself up; Karmina standing close by, watching with amusement. When he was finished she turned and led him back out the door they came through, walking towards the nervous wreck of a grandson sitting at the table Rick had left him at.

"Oh, Morty! Did you grab my bag for me?" she asked, picking it up and sliding it onto her shoulder, "You're the sweetest." she leaned over and give him a quick 'thank you' kiss on the cheek.

"And thank you for the interesting afternoon," Karmina said, going on her toes to plant a kiss on Rick's cheek as well before turning to leave with a wave. "Another time maybe."

Rick watched her go with a dubious look on his face. He didn't move until the door had settled back in its place but before he could even look down at him, Morty was flipping out.

"R-rick, holy shit, man, oh god, oh god!" He grabbed at his grandfather's sleeves, almost pulling him over.

"What-what the hell, Morty? What the fuck? What is wrong with you?" Rick managed to pull his arm away from the manic child, giving him an irritated glare.

"It's bad, Rick, I -I saw something, I-It's about her! She-she's-!" Marty rambled on.

"Have-haven't you ever been kissed before you-, ya nerd?" he said with a chuckle, wrestling his flask out of his coat pocket and drinking the last drops before reaching to the table to pour the rest of the scotch he'd ordered earlier into it.

"No, Rick, I'm not- I'm- I'm trying to be serious here!"

"What, Morty? What could possibly be so se-URP-rious that you're acting like-like a fucking Chihuahua on cocaine?"

"I think she's an assassin!" he shouted.

"And how did you come to that stunning conclusion?" he asked, one eye shut, the other peering into the flask as he swirled it around, trying to see how full it was.

"She had a journal in her purse, Rick, it was full of information and prices and phone numbers and shit!"

"And I care why?" he waved to get the bartender's attention and held up two fingers, attempting to ignore Morty's incessant paranoia.

"I was reading it and she has this whole list, I think it's a hit list, names crossed out left and right, and-and she, I mean, I saw something," he muttered, wringing his hands.

"G-URP-et to the po-URP-int, Morty!"

"Birdperson's name was next!"

Rick turned to look at him, eyes squinted, "You're sure that's what you saw?"

Morty nodded and his face lit up, remembering something. He rummaged through his pockets and pulled out a small pink business card, holding it up.

Rick snatched the crumpled paper out of his hand and examined it, reading aloud. "Little Miss Karma, have a "problem"?" Call me. I know how to take out the trash discreetly?" Rick stared at the card for a few long, silent seconds before letting it fall to the ground.

"Rick?" Morty questioned, worried.

"FUCK!" Rick ripped the portal gun off of the table, bashing it against the palm of his hand, "Fucking broken, you- ya goddamned piece of shit! Gah!" he gave up, exacerbad, and grabbed Morty roughly but the arm, "Common Morty. It's time to go."

2. Chapter 2

****An Unlikely Lullaby****

"God dammit, Morty. God dammit!" Rick shouted, bashing his fist on the dashboard over and over. "Shit!"

"Wh-what, Rick? I didn't do anything, I-"

"Why didn't you say something sooner?" he yelled, cutting him off.

"Well what, w-what the heck did you want me to do, Rick? I wasn't, I mean, I wasn't gonna go stumbling after you, I, I-I'm not stupid, Rick. I know what was going on. I didn't need to- to see that." Morty crossed his arms and 'hmphe'd', settling into the seat with an annoyed look on his face.

"God dammit!" Rick yelled once more, this time without punching

anything. "I swear to god, I'm â€"URP- I'm gonna kill that fucking piece of shit, devil, whore!"

Morty rolled his eyes and looked out the window. They were minutes away now, but she had definitely had a head start. Whether he was mad at Rick or not, he didn't want anything bad to happen to Birdperson either. He was nice and always there for the two of them when they needed him and without a single complaint.

Rick had the door open before the spaceship had even finished landing outside of Birdperson's house. Morty quickly took the wheel, safely getting it settled and turned off as Rick charged to the front door, soon following after. He slid the keys into his pocket as he pushed the front door open and stepped inside.

Birdperson had a very nice house, Morty was suddenly realizing. The living room was empty but was quite large, it had a television and a few couches, speakers were scattered around the room intermittently.

Wait a minute. An assassination would be loud, wouldn't it? He thought to himself. The silence was suddenly very unsettling. His senses now on the alert, Morty slowly made his way through the empty room and around a corner leading to a kitchen that served as the walkway to, what looked like, another living room. When he was halfway through the kitchen he started to hear the yelling.

"-Don't point that thing at me!" someone yelled,

"Back the fuck off," Morty recognized Rick's voice shout, "Right now, I'm not fucking kidding!"

"Please calm down, Rick," he heard Birdperson say just as he made it through the threshold into the next room.

Rick was standing just a few feet from the entrance, his ray gun pointed directly at Birdperson, who had put himself between Karmina and the very angry old man. Tammy was sitting on the couch in the back of the room. She waved at Morty with a smile when she saw him walk in. He waved back, a puzzled look on his face.

"Calm down!?" Rick yelled, "Do-d-do you have any idea what I've been through the last few hours?"

"I can imagine that you must be confused but, while I'm happy you are concerned, you have misread the situation at hand and are overreacting, as per usual." Birdperson's monotone voice was calm as ever, though in this particular situation came off a tad berating.

"Please, Rick, let me explain," Karmina started, but Rick cut her off with another string of insults.

"You, shut the fuck up, you, you-you fucking evil succubus, I know who you are! Miss Karma! She's a fucking assassin, Birdperson; now move so I can shoot the manipulative bitch before she does the same to you!"

"Rick," Birdperson said, still not moving, "I know what she is. If you would calm down for a second we could explain."

He waited, giving Rick a chance to say something else, but when he didn't he took it as permission to continue.

"Karmina has come here to warn me that someone had charged her with my assassination. She was given payment beforehand and came to give me half in order to help me relocate so I would be safe and she could return to tell her employer that the information on my whereabouts was incorrect."

Rick didn't look convinced at first, but then Tammy held up a bundle of bills and waved them in the air as proof. Rick looked from Tammy back to Birdperson and Karmina and, after a few seconds of contemplation, lowered his gun slowly and put it back in his coat.

Karmina stepped out from behind Birdperson's winged arms and put her hands together in an apologetic manner. "I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, Rick. Really. I never had any intention to harm Mr. Birdperson."

"Please, Karmina, just Birdperson is fine. No need to be so formal," he said as he sat down next to Tammy.

"Yea, yea," Rick said, waving it off.

"Well, now that that's all said and done, I guess I'll be off," Karmina said as she rolled on her heels.

"Thank you again for coming to inform us of these unfortunate circumstances," Birdperson said as she picked her bag up off the table.

"You're very welcome. It was the least I could do. And it was very nice to meet you, Tammy." Karmina smiled and tilted her head, "Are you sure we haven't met somewhere before?" she asked.

Tammy giggled, "I'm sure. You're a pretty unique girl, I think I'd remember you."

"Huh, must be something else then. I wish you both well, be safe." And with that she left, nodding at Morty as she passed and avoiding looking at Rick at all; but he looked at her.

His eyes followed as she stepped around him and turned the corner towards the door. As soon as she was no longer in eyesight he started after her, disappearing as well.

Morty sighed heavily and let his shoulders sag.

"Please be easy with Rick, young Morty. He is a suspicious man only because it is what has kept him, and the rest of us, alive as long this long. I would be dead many times over if it weren't for Rick's paranoia. He means well."

"Yea," Morty rubbed the back of his neck, "Doesn't make it any less stressful, though."

"This is true. It was nice to see you again, Morty."

Morty held his hand up to say goodbye and he jogged to catch up with his grandpa. He shut the front door and turned to see Rick holding Karmina by her upper arm, preventing her from leaving.

"I warned him, Rick. Why are you being so weird about this?" she asked, obviously annoyed.

"You're an assassin, you don't get paid to warn people. If you weren't going to go through with the contract then why take the job at all?"

"What else would you have me do, turn it down so some other contract killer could take him out? I took the job specifically so it wouldn't be seen through with. I was given a general area to look for him and I found him, now instead of dying, he'll leave and I'll go tell my client that the information was false. Sure, I won't get the second half of my payment but it's worth it."

"Why?" Rick asked angrily, "I don't like it when someone helps," he made air quotes around the word, "for no reason. I-it-it's never just out of the goodness of someone's heart. Especially an assassin. So, wh-whats your payoff here, huh?"

"It was never about payoff," she said, giving him a pretty intense glare.

"Suuuuure," He said in his usual condescending tone, eyes rolling in an exaggerated manner.

"I did it because I respect him," she barked, roughly pulling her arm from his grasp, "But I wouldn't expect you to know anything about that, seeing as how you can't even respect yourself, I can smell the alcohol on you from here." Karmina turned away quickly, nose to the sky, and walked towards the road; her hair spinning wildly.

"Ooh!" Morty shouted excitedly.

"Shut up, Morty," Rick rebuked.

He watched as Karmina walked across the grass and onto the sidewalk, turning and continuing along it; Rick raised a confused brow.

"Why are you walking down the street?" he asked.

"Because I'm leaving," she replied.

"That's not what I meant," Rick crossed his arms, "I meant; why are you walking instead of just leaving?"

"Because I hitchhiked here. I don't have a spaceship, Rick." His name rolled off of her tongue as if it tasted bad in her mouth.

"So now what, yo-you gonna just hitchhike back then? Is that your plan?"

She didn't answer.

Rick rolled his eyes and let out a groan before following her, his long legs allowing him to catch up with her in only a few strides. When she was in reach he grabbed her wrist and started dragging her

towards the ship.

"Hey, what the hell, let go of me!" she yelled, pulling at his fingers.

"Come on, you fucking child. I'll drive you wherever you need to go."

"What?" she looked truly astonished.

"I said, you can ride with us," he replied, his voice growing more irritated. He opened the passenger door and Morty crawled into the back, letting her take the front seat. She sat down without a fuss and buckled herself in, crossing her arms and looking out the window. Rick got in and started up the ship, promptly taking off, they were surrounded by stars in no time.

Karmina looked out of the corner of her eye at him and realized something, "Hey," she said, turning to him. "Aren't you going to buckle up?" she asked.

"Nope."

"That's not safe," she chastised.

"If this thing crashes and I die, it'll be a sweet release. I have no desire to impede fate if it decides to take me out," he replied.

It took the two of them by surprise, neither Karmina nor Morty said anything to that. Instead they settled in for the long drive. Around thirty minutes into the trip Rick had gotten enough time to let his irritation wear off and he turned to the girl. She was still staring out the window.

"So where you going?" he asked.

"Hm?" she turned to him, having been in a daze.

"Where do live?"

"Oh, nowhere really," she answered.

"I don't know how to get there," he said saecastically, "You'll have to tell me when to turn."

"Are you always an asshole or am I just special?" she asked.

"Nah, don't flatter yourself," she scoffed, reaching into his coat for his flask, "I'm just an asshole."

She looked back at Morty as Rick took a swig of dark liquid.

"He's not lying," Morty said with a shrug.

"Shut up, Mo-URP-rty," Rick started to put the flask away before stopping and offering it to Karmina instead. She stared at it a moment before taking it, guardedly, and putting it to her lips. "So where am I taking you, sweetheart?"

"I don't know," she answered, twisting the cap on and handing it

back.

Rick tucked the flask away again, looking at Karmina for a long second without actually turning his head towards her. She sat still, a guarded look on her face, it was a look he knew personally. He let out a sigh gripped the steering wheel tightly. "Uuuggghhh, FINE!" he yelled, startling the other two and making them jump in their seats, "You can come with us. You can stay for dinner, and if you need a place to sleep, we got that too. But only tonight, you got that?"

Karmina didn't answer at first, she just kind of stared at him. His face didn't give off a welcoming vibe, but she could tell that he was trying, he just wasn't one to be comforting so when the time came, he used what he knew best, bitterness.

"Thank you," she said, a little taken back from the gesture.

Rick waved it off, his eyes trained on the vast emptiness in front of them, "Yea, whatever."

Karmina turned to the window again, chin resting on her fist; but from the corner of his eye Rick could see the small smile on her face reflected in the glass.

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Karmina slowly walked around the garage as Rick locked the ship, looking at everything in great detail. "Is this all yours?" she asked.

"What? Oh, y-yea," he answered, only half listening. He turned to Morty and patted him on the back, "Hey go-go tell your mother we have a guest."

"Yea, sure Rick." Morty disappeared into the house.

Rick grabbed a few things on his desk, shoving them into drawers and onto shelves as he eyed Karmina. She was looking very intently at the knickknacks on his shelves while trying not to disturb anything. He could tell something had caught her attention when her eyes opened a little wider and she leaned in close. Rick shifted his weight to one foot, peering past her to see what was so fascinating and gave a little scoff.

"It's a Meeseeks box," he explained, seeming to appear behind Karmina out of nowhere.

"Jesus Rick," she yelled, her hand flying to her chest. "You scared the shit out of me. What did you even just say?"

Rick grinned, slightly pleased with himself. "I said, it's a Meeseeks box. You're looking at that blue cube, right?"

Her eyes went wide and she turned to look at it again, "No way. How did you even get one of those?"

"Stole it," he said, walking back over to his desk and straightening up a pile of papers that were stacked on one side of it.

"Ha, sounds like you alright." Karmina turned and pulled at a loose thread hanging on her sleeve, "Hey Rick?"

"Yea?" he responded, not looking up.

Karmina opened her mouth to ask a question just as the door to inside the house opened and Morty leaned in, "Hey, mom says that dinner will be ready real soon and to get ready."

"Sounds good, be there in a second," Rick said, waving his hand in the air.

"Guess I should get ready then, too," Karmina said, her voice a little shaky.

"Didn't you want to ask me something?" he asked and rose an eyebrow at her.

"Oh, uh, I just need to use the restroom, could you tell me where it is?"

Rick eyed her suspiciously, he could tell she was lying, but he let it go. "Yea, when you go down the hall it's the first door on the left. Gonna wash your hands, little miss proper?" he teased.

"Not exactly, but I figured it would be a good idea to deal with my little," she paused, resting her thumb and forefinger on her chin in a contemplative way, "problem. All thanks to you."

"Thanks to me?" He asked, defensively.

"Yes, you. It's becoming ever increasingly messy and I wouldn't want to leave a stain on your dining room chair."

"Wait, you mean it's still, like," he paused, a grin growing on his face, "since before? So-so this whole time?"

She answered with a wink and turned, prancing into the house and leaving Rick alone with these knew thoughts.

"That one's something else," he said out loud to himself, "At least it won't be boring."

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"So how do you know Grandpa Rick?" Summer asked, popping another spoonful of peas into her mouth.

"We know each other through a mutual friend," she replied at the same time that Rick said, "We met at a bar."

The whole table sat in silence for a moment before Karmina tried again, "I know Birdperson," she explained.

"Oh! That's cool," Summer said excitedly, "Do you know Tammy?"

"Isn't that Birdperson's new girlfriend?" she asked.

"Yes, she's my friend from school."

"Oh," Karmina said, a little shocked, "Aren't you in high school?"

"Yea, we both are."

"But Birdperson is at least forty, isn't she a little," Karmina started and turned to look at Rick, who just shook his head.

"Well, I'm gonna show Karmina where she can sleep tonight," Rick said before she could finish her thought. "Morty help your mother clean up." Rick stood and took her by the wrist, dragging her away from the table.

"It was nice to meet you all, dinner was delicious!" she yelled, trying to get it all out before they disappeared around the corner. She heard Beth thank her just after she was out of sight.

"Jesus, Rick. You have someplace to be?" she asked, pulling herself free from his grasp. He didn't answer. Karmina walked down the hall behind Rick, still looking back towards the dining room.

"You're sure Beth doesn't need help cleaning up?"

"Morty's got it," he said and stopped in front of the door at the end of the hall, turning a key in the lock and swinging it open.

"You have a lock on your door?" she asked.

"Yea, don't most doors?" Rick walked inside, leaving the door open behind him for her to follow.

"Not ones with a key?" She stepped inside slowly, looking around. The room was messy. It held a small dresser with a very large microscope on it along one wall, a cot and a small television on another, and a desk that was awash with books and notes. The wall above his bed was covered in pictures and papers, some even connected together with bits of yarn; she attempted to stifle her laughter but not very well.

"Something wrong with my room?" he asked, turning on a lamp.

"No, it's just, I didn't know what to expect, but now that I see it I can't imagine it being anything else."

"Yea, well," he brushed it off. "You can sleep in my bed tonight."

"Are you sure?"

Rick pulled a rolling chair from his desk and sat. "I-it's fine. It's been an eventful day and I'd really like to just sit here and do some research, so if you're tired you can go to sleep now. If not, I'm sure Summer and Morty would love to chat you up out in the living room."

"No, it's okay. I'll stay in here," she said, sitting down on the foot of the cot and looking up at him.

"Whatever." Rick spun his chair around and started rifling through

books and jotting down things in a notebook in his lap.

"So Beth's your daughter?" she asked.

"Mm-hm," he answered without looking away from his work.

"She's very pretty, though she doesn't much resemble you. Does she take after her mom?"

This time Rick looked over at her for a second, "Y-you trying to imply something, here?"

"Oh," Karmina threw her hands up, defensively, realizing how he must have taken the question. "No, not at all. They were two different thoughts, you're very pretty," she added with a chuckle.

"Sure," he said, looking back to his work. "But, yea. She looks just like her mother."

"Where is Mrs. Sanchez, by the way? Your name's made it around the block a few times, being as popular as you are, but I don't think I've heard anything about her before."

"She's gone," he answered.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"It's in the past."

Karmina sat in silence after that, not wanting to shove her foot any further into her mouth. Instead she took off her shoes and set them neatly by the foot of the bed and pulled her legs up under her. She scooted a little closer to the wall in an attempt to figure out what the conspiracy he was obviously trying to uncover was all about.

"Nosey, aren't ya?"

Karmina turned to see Rick facing her, elbows resting on his knees with this fingers laced, just staring at her, smirking.

"What the hell is all this?" she asked, unabashedly.

"None of your business."

"Aw, lame." Karmina let herself fall back onto the bed, stretching, "This bed is actually pretty comfortable."

"It does its job."

"You mind if I borrow a shirt to sleep in?"

Rick waved his hand in a passive manner, turning back to his desk and she took it to mean he didn't care. With a grin she crawled across the bed and pulled open a dresser drawer to find a bunch of long sleeved shirts. She grabbed a sweater that looked comfortable, it was blue and very soft. She shut the drawer and pulled off her socks, tossing them towards her shoes and purse before standing up and shimmying out of her dress, letting it fall to the floor in a pile.

Rick turned at the sound to find Karmina standing in the center of his room in nothing but a black strapless bra and a pair of lacey black panties; it caught him completely off guard. Karmina stepped out of the ring of fabric and picked it up, turning her back to Rick and tossing it towards her ever growing pile of things with one hand while unsnapping her bra with the other, quickly sending it to join its brethren. This time Rick spoke up.

"Woah! Jesus, what the hell are you doing?" he yelled, throwing his hands up in front of his face and looking to the side.

Karmina gave him a funny look and pulled the shirt over her head, the neckline was a little wide, causing one shoulder to fall but she didn't seem to notice. "Changing?"

"Yea, I can see that," he retorted, "good lord."

"Are you seriously embarrassed, Rick?" she asked, sitting back down on the bed. "You can uncover your face now, you weirdo."

Rick apprehensively lowered his hands and squinted at her, "You're still not wearing any pants."

"I wasn't before either. This shirt is just barely shorter than that dress was. You're seriously overreacting," she said, crossing her arms. "I mean, it's not like I let you fuck me in the back hallway of an almost full bar before I'd even told you my name or anything. God forbid you see me half naked."

"Nyeh-nyeh-nyeh!" Rick made a high pitch mocking sound at her while pinching the bridge of his nose. "Ugh, I'm never going to get any work done. Fuck it, I'm just gonna try and sleep."

"Sure." Karmina smiled as he turned off the lamp and leaned back in his chair. She pulled out her phone and started messing around on it, just sitting cross-legged on the cot until she decided she was tired enough to go to bed herself. She could hear rustling noises as Rick tried to get comfortable in his chair, after around thirty minutes she heard him groan and let his head fall back.

"Fucking -URP- chair," he mumbled under his breath.

"Having trouble falling asleep?" she asked.

"Ugh, something like that."

Karmina got an idea, a smirk growing on her face. "I might have an idea," she suggested.

"Yea? I'd love to hear it."

She set her phone down beside her and stood up, silently moving in his direction. He still hadn't noticed her when she was standing right in front of him and she took the opportunity to surprise him a second time that night. Very careful not to alert him until she was ready, she leaned over him, resting her hands on the back of the chair on either side of his head. Once she was sure she was steady she put all her weight on the chair and lifted herself up and settled on her knees, straddling him.

Rick's head shot up, the surprise causing him to shout out for the second time that night. "God dammit, you're going to give me a heart attack at this rate."

"I think I could help you get to sleep," she said in a very suggestive tone, "Or are you still gonna be all squeamish about my nakedness?"

Rick's face shifted to a smirk, having accepted her challenge. "Oh, I think if anyone's going to be squirming in the immediate future, it's gonna be you," his hands coming to rest on her hips.

"Ooh," Karmina straightened her back, "I like the sound of that."

His hands were suddenly all over her. One was pressed against her lower back, pulling her close to him, the other pulling the shoulder of her shirt down; the collar settled, her breasts keeping it from falling any further. Karmina let out a quiet gasp as she felt Rick's teeth on her exposed collar bone and his hands sliding down her back and stopping on her bottom. He gripped tightly, pulling on her hips and making her rock her hips against his own. Karmina's hands quickly moved to hold the back of Rick's neck, her fingers digging into his skin as her breath quickened.

He very much liked this reaction, rocking her against him a second time, and a third. With each movement she could feel him growing beneath her; the feeling of him pressing against her made her thoughts disappear, the only thing on her mind being that she wanted more. Rick watched her facial expressions and licked his lips. Her cheeks were turning a light shade of pink and it amused him.

With one of his pulls he pressed his face onto her chest and she gasped, immediately pressing him harder to her, burying his face in the soft fabric covering her breasts and gulling a groan out of him. He let himself enjoy the feeling of them against his face for a moment before he couldn't stand the shirt being in his way any longer and let go of her, gripping the hem of the shirt and pulling it up and over her head, tossing it to the ground.

Rick held her lower back, his lips pressing in the soft skin of her breasts and sighed a hot breath on her before trailing his lips back and forth and eventually making his way to her already hard nipple, taking it between his teeth and pulling at it. The action drew sweet moans from her and he smiled, bringing up a hand to grope at her other breast and play with it as well.

Karmina could feel his tongue flicking at her nipple, the sensation sending shivers through her body, but he was being so gentle teasing her. "Please," she breathed out, her fingers running through his hair.

"Please what?" he asked, trailing his tongue along the line where her skin turned from a milky white to a pale pink. She let out a shaky moan and he felt her twitching under his touch.

"Oh, god, Rick," she bit her lip, muffling the sounds he was enjoying so much.

Rick clicked his tongue and reached up, pulling her lip from between her teeth. The moment her mouth was even slightly open, he pushed two of his fingers in, only to the second knuckle, and pulled her jaw open.

"You promised," he said with a smile.

Karmina's eyes glazed over and she let her tongue roll across his fingers, catching him off guard. Surprised, he stopped, and she took the opportunity to close her mouth around his digits, letting her tongue explore them. It went between his fingers and under them, and at one point he could even feel her turn it upside down as it circled around them. Before she released them she let the suction in her mouth grow, pulling them deeper; he could feel the larger bumps on the back of her tongue and it made him let out a heavy breath.

He'd hit his breaking point.

Rick pulled his fingers from her and grabbed her thighs, standing up and quickly taking the few steps to his bed and dropped her on it, her knees hanging over the edge. Karmina let her arms fall above her and shivered before raising her head to look down at Rick, who was now on his knees.

He grabbed her hips and pulled her closer until her legs were completely off the bed, pulling them so that her knees would rest on his shoulders. His eyes ran down her body until he got to her underwear. It was black and completely lace, the edges ruffled and stopping halfway down the swell of her ass. He licked his lips and leaned in, pulling the thin cloth to the side and letting his tongue glide across her.

She could feel how warm his breath was on her and the minute she felt his tongue her whole body twinged. She pulled her hands to her chest in fists, her back arching as he swirled the tip of his tongue around her clit, pressing his lips to her and sucking, sliding back down. He seemed to understand her body even better than she did, he definitely knew exactly what he was doing.

He let go of her right leg, bringing his hand down and pushing two fingers inside her, pulling a delicious low moan from her. He curled his fingers, pressing on the soft walls inside her and pulled, making a beckoning motion, and with each movement there was a corresponding gasp or yip that made him hunger for her even more.

"R-Rick, I-ah, I-!" she cried out between breaths.

He didn't stop what he was doing, but he did look up and quickly ask, "Yes?"

"I-I'm so, so close, Rick!"

He smiled, "You gonna cum for me?" he asked, his voice low and sensual,

"Yes, Rick, I'm gonna cum!"

He could feel her tightening around his fingers and moved them a little faster, roughly sucking on her clit. Karmina let out a series of half breathy moans and covered her face just as he felt her

finish. It was a good thirty seconds before she began to settle back into the bed, he slowed down, sitting back and giving it a few more seconds before he pulled his hand away, licking his fingers clean.

"You remembered to tell me." Rick took her legs off of him and pulled himself up onto his knees.

Karmina's eyes were closed, but she could hear the little clinks of him fussing with his belt.

"That makes you a good girl, and you know what happens to good girls?" he asked.

She opened her eyes then to see Rick holding himself over her, a grin on his face that sent wonderful shivers down her spine.

"They get rewarded."

He hadn't even gotten the whole sentence out before she could feel him thrust into her. She threw her head back, gasping, and threw her arms around him. He set a fast pace and leaned down and took one of her nipples between his teeth. One hand held him up and he let the other one settle on her waist, pulling her down onto him with each thrust. Karmina's breath hitched with each nibble, her moans matching his pace and driving Rick insane. He left a kiss on her breast before bringing his lips to her ear.

"Your pussy is fucking amazing," he whispered to her, his voice rough and sending her spinning, "You're so goddamn tight, I could fuck you until you begged me to stop."

"Don't stop," she moaned out, "Oh, god Rick!"

"Mmmnn, oh, I don't plan to," he flicked his tongue at her ear lobe, "I'm gonna fuck you until you can't even speak."

"Oh god, Rick, I'm gonna cum again!" she moaned.

"Yes, cum for me," he growled in her ear.

Her breathing sped and he felt her nails digging into his back as she came. Rick moaned loudly in her ear and buried his face in the crook of her neck, biting at it and giving her a hickey. Karmina let out a low moan and held the back of his head, her fingers in his hair

"Oh, god, fuck me Rick."

"You're still firing on all cylinders aren't you?" he gave out a little chuckle, "alright, you want more?" he asked, nibbling on her chin.

"Yes, yes Rick," she begged, "fuck me harder!"

"Alright sweetheart, you asked for it." Rick grabbed Karmina's hips, lifting them up and pulling her further down the bed, using the new angle to push himself even deeper.

She moaned loudly with each thrust, deep and low. "Rick," She called out his name slowly, dragging out the sound of it. It wasn't even a

minute before He heard her take in a sharp breath, her tongue lolling out of her mouth.

"Did you just cum again?" Rick asked, awestruck. He watched as her eyes rolled in her head and her grip on him tightened.

"Oh god, Rick," she exclaimed, "Your cock feels so good! Oh, fuck me Rick!"

"Mmmnn, oh god," Rick groaned, his grip on her hips tightening and his thrusts becoming irregular, "my turn."

"Oh god, yes, Rick," she pined.

"Ready, sweetie?" he coaxed, "Where do you want it?"

Karmina nodded, biting her lip, "inside, please, cum inside me!"

Rick seized and leaned over her, thrusting into her as a splash of warm fluid poured out of his throbbing cock and into her aching sex. She could feel it spilling out of her, around his filling presence. Certainly, someone had heard all of this. She didn't care. It felt too good to care. Rick slowly released his vice on her and sat back, watching her legs tremble as his seed seeped from between them. He took several deep breaths and smiled.

"Well, I'm gonna sleep like the dead now," he said with a chuckle.

Karmina moved so that she was laying in the bed properly, her arm under the pillow and her face turned to watch as Rick stumbled back to his chair.

"Happy to help."

"Yea, yea, g-go to sleep you demon."

"Yes, sir," she said jokingly and settled in, pulling the blanket over her naked body and closing her eyes. She fell asleep that night with a smile on her face. A smile she hadn't seen in a long time.

3. Chapter 3

****Apprehensive Cognizance****

"So, what's the deal?" came Summer's voice from under the gap in the wall of the stall.

"What's the deal with what?" Karmina asked, pulling her shirt over her head and tossing it on the ground.

"With you and Grandpa Rick?"

Karmina let out a stifled laugh, pulling a dress over her head and adjusting it to her form. "With me and Rick? I dunno, man. It's fun, ya know? Nothing really. I'm ready if you are."

Both girls stepped out of their respecting changing rooms and looked at each other in the three part mirror in front of them.

"I really like that colour on you," Summer said.

Karmina tilted her head, looking at the pale blue dress with a harsh eye. "You think? It doesn't make me look pale?"

"No!" Summer scoffed, "If anything it makes you look fair, which is good. Not to mention it makes your eyes look like silver. You own way too much black, you need more colour in your wardrobe."

She smiled and turned to the teen, "Alright, you've convinced me, I'll get it. I really like that dress on you too," she added.

Summer grinned, giving a little spin and letting the yellow dress twirl around her. "I've always liked sundresses but I never get any. I don't know why. Maybe they're just a little feminine for my taste, I tend to wear pants a lot."

"Well, I imagine they're more practical."

"You changed the subject," Summer said with a smirk as she went back into her stall.

"There's no subject to change from, Summer," Karmina said unconvincingly, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Are you kidding me?" she yelled, "I could cut the romantic tension with a knife."

A blush fell over Karmina as she pulled the dress off, tossing it to the side and putting her black dress back on. Maybe Summer was right, she did own a lot of black. "I don't have any idea where you're getting any of this from. Rick doesn't feel that way, I'm sure of it. And that's fine, we're both happy with where we are. We're just like, friends who also have sex."

"First of all, gross. And second of all, are you blind? You two obviously are more serious than you think."

She scoffed, throwing the blue dress over her arm and stepping out of the changing room and right into Summer's analytical gaze. "What?" she asked.

"You heard me."

"I really don't know what you're talking about," she said turning and walking from the little hallway of empty stalls.

"You're not serious," Summer laughed under her breath and ran to catch up with her. "Grandpa Rick's been happier lately than I've seen him in, well, since he came to live with us, you two literally share a bed every night, of which there have been many might I add!"

"It's not been that long," Karmina said, interrupting her list and stepping around a woman who had been looking at skirts.

"It's been at least six months."

"What? No, where'd you get that from," she asked, the two walking out of the store and back into the main hall of the mall.

"Well, it's been six months just since we froze time. So there's that."

Karmina looked around at all the frozen people, stuck in the exact moment Rick had frozen time and given them these past few amazing months.

"Along with the fact that he hasn't gotten angry and kicked you out yet, he pretty much gets pissed off at everybody, even mom; and I don't even think I've ever heard him call her my her name, just sweetie."

"He really does love Beth. I think she reminds him of her mother."

"Maybe."

The two walked from the mall to the car in an awkward silence before Summer finally stopped as Karmina was opening the doors and asked, "Is it because of grandma?"

"What?" uttered, taken aback.

"Is she the reason you aren't looking further into you and grandpa; because you're worried he'll think you're trying to replace her? Or that he actually will just use you as a replacement?"

Karmina thought hard before she answered. "It's not exactly that, but I do think about her every now and then. Rick almost never speaks of her, and the few times he has he's so cryptic about it."

"If it makes you feel any better, I've seen how he is with at least one other past relationship and he's different when he's with you. More himself, I guess. It's hard to explain."

"Well, feelings or no feelings, it's not something he and I have talked about yet and I don't have any intention to bring it up any time soon. Your Grandpa is a very private person. I wouldn't want to impose." Karmina was looking straight ahead of them, her eyes watching the road carefully, though none of the other cars were moving. She took a deep breath, trying to cheer herself back up. "Well, we should hurry home."

Summer turned, staring at Karmina with an astonished look on her face. "You're scared."

"I'm not scared Summer, I just know your grandfather. He's a complicated man. And speaking of Rick, he'll be pissed if we don't get home in time to get time unfrozen."

"True" she acknowledged. "Oh man, I just realized something," Summer said, chuckling.

"Oh? And what would that be?"

"How could you talk shit about Tammy dating Birdperson because of their age difference when yours and Rick's is probably double

theirs?"

"Aaaaaaah, I don't wanna talk about it." Karmina waved off the accusation, her cheeks reddening.

Summer poked at her, they two joking the whole way home.

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Karina slid further into the tub, the warm water engulfing her and releasing all the tension in her muscles. Everything was back to normal. Rick had unfrozen time without a hitch, sending Beth and Jerry on a trip to get ice cream to avoid them touching the kids for a little while. Something about ripping apart space and time.

Once the two left Karina had excused herself to take a bath, giving Rick a little wink as an invitation to join her. He'd grinned and winked back, so she had thought he understood, but it had been almost fifteen minutes since she'd started the bath and there was still no sign of him. After a few more minutes she gave up and just got out, quickly drying herself off and getting redressed.

She walked down the stairs as she pulled her hair out of the messy bun she'd put it in to keep it dry and ran her fingers through it.

"Rick, what the hell?" she called out, turning the corner to find no one in the house. She rose a brow and continued through the halls, searching.

"Rick? Summer?" she called, peaking into different rooms but finding no one.

She was about to check back upstairs when she heard something loud in the garage and she quickly went to see who it was. She swung the door open to find Summer standing there, her eyes wide and hands shaking.

"Summer? What's going on, where-" she began to ask, but Summer finished it for her.

"Where are they?" The girl turned looking around the garage and feeling the air around her.

"What are you talking about?"

"They're gone, we put all the collars on but for some reason only I'm here!" she tried to explain despite her panic.

"Collars?" Karina took a few steps closer and saw the metal ring around her neck and instantly understood. "Oh my god, Summer, where did you get that?"

"The-, well, Grandpa Rick called him a giant testicle, but whatever he was, he gave them to us. They were supposed to resync the realities but I'm the only one who came back."

Halfway through Summer's explanation, Karina had already ran to the computer screen and was staring at it in disbelief.

"Do you know what's going on?" Summer asked.

"Sixty-four." Karmina let out a huff, her mind teetering on the brink of panic.

"Sixty-four? Sixty-four of what?"

"How did he split it into sixty-four separate realities!?" she yelled, leaning over and beginning to rummage through the piles of crap surrounding his desk.

"He kept saying he wasn't certain, and then we started up doing the same and eventually it got really bad, and Grandpa told us to put on the collars and we all did, but I'm the only one who showed up," she attempted to calmly explain.

Karmina had an armful of, what looked like, junk. Old pieces of computers, random broken machines, wires, and some things that Summer didn't know a name for. She watched as Karmina dropped everything onto the desk and began scrambling, grabbing pieces of what looked like an old motherboard and using a soldering iron to affix them together. Summer watched in silence, the tiniest glimpse of hope in her eyes that maybe Karmina could do something to help. The same level of help did not sit within Karmina. She was smart, but she was no genius.

She was no Rick.

She pushed the thought out of her head and instead focused on the work in front of her. With each new addition, each wire plugged into each port, she felt a little less panic and a little more hopeful. Maybe she could do it, maybe she could save them. But her concentration was broken by the sound of electrical popping filling the room.

The girls both looked up, Summer turning to see a light building behind her. At first it was just a bunch of white outlines, but eventually the cacophony settled and in its wake, Morty stood, his eyes wide and his arms stretched out.

"Morty!" they both yelled, running to hug him.

"Oh thank god you're okay."

"Where's Rick, Morty? Is he coming after you?"

Morty looked back and forth between the two girls, their eyes harsh.

"I-I, oh man. It's hard to remember, there's like, sixty-four different memories now or something. In-in most of them Rick and I were arguing, he was angry, saying it was my fault for us not returning, but there's a few different ones. In one I-I think I remember falling." Morty furrowed his brow, trying hard to remember correctly. "Y-yea! That's what happened, I fell and-and he jumped down after me but I dropped my collar."

Karmina stood and took a few steps back, her eyes widening.

"But, before I knew it," Morty continued, "He'd put his collar on me

and then I was here." His words slowed as the sentence came to a close, the weight of what had just happened setting in. Rick had sacrificed himself for Morty, without a second thought.

Karina kept moving backwards until her thighs hit the edge of Rick's desk and she let herself fall onto it, making a large amount of noise and knocking over a pile of papers in the process. Summer and Morty turned to inspect the sound in time to see Karina sitting on the desk, her hands slowly lifting into the air to find their place over her mouth, tears beginning to fill her eyes.

"Karina, you- you can still bring him back right?" she asked and pointed to the half built machine next to her. "That'll still work right?"

Morty looked down at the machine and then back up to Summer who, in Karina's silence, was getting more and more upset.

"Right? You said you could do it! You said you could save them, save Grandpa Rick, Karina!" she yelled, almost hysterical at this point.

"It only works if they all have their collars on!" Karina yelled, pulling her hands from her face and gripping the contraption. "It only works if every version of Rick has his collar on, if even one doesn't he'll still be lost to time and hypothetical existence!" she yelled, lifting the machine and throwing it. It didn't go far; slowing and hitting the ground only a few feet from them and breaking into a few large pieces.

"So, Rick's gone?" Summer asked. The three stood in silence then, just staring at the ground, Morty and Summer holding each other in a shallow embrace and Karina hugging her arms tightly to her chest as if to keep it from falling apart.

It hurt. She hadn't felt such a sharp pain from something in years. Not since her parents had died. Every pain after their untimely end being primarily physical. It had been easy to shrug off the external threats; her body was a vessel and not her, she was her mind and she let nothing and no one close enough to deal any real damage to that which she felt was the true "her". This shattering feeling in her chest, the feeling as though it was caving in, taking everything with it, it scared her.

Her breath was picking up and it angered her, as if it was her body acting out in defiance. Summer was right, she did care for him. She cared for that old, sad, sarcastic, lonely, alcoholic. She loved him. She loved him, and had only realized it just in time to mourn him. What was she to do now?

Just as she thought she would break into a million pieces to never be put back together again, there was another round of crackling that filled the air. All three stood in silent hope as the bright white light filled the room, blinding them, and then it came together and went away.

"Yes! I did it! There is no god! In your face!"

"Rick!" Morty yelled, his face lighting up as he watched Rick run to the machine and switch the screen on.

"One dot, motherfuckers!"

"Yes! We did it!" Summer jumped, the three cooing and bouncing for joy, but Karmina couldn't find the energy in her to follow suit. Instead she just stared while the three cheered and danced around each other until Rick spotted the machine on the floor and rose an eyebrow.

"Wh-what the fuck is there a pile of broken pieces of shit on the floor?"

"Karmina was trying to help pull you guys out, she started working on it, but," Summer stopped her explanation and turned to look at Morty.

"You tried to make a quantum wavelength stabilizer?" he asked, walking to it and picking a few pieces up. "I-It's-it's not bad, I mean, minus the whole it hitting the floor part," he said sarcastically. "I certainly have all the parts to make one but-"

Rick's words stopped the moment his eyes met hers. Her stare was almost tangible. He'd never seen her make a face like it before, she looked as if she were in pain.

"Karmina?" he started to ask if she was okay but she'd crossed the space between them before he could, wrapping her arms around him and burying her face in his neck. She took deep breaths, trying to slow her shaking, and inhaled his scent. It was so wonderful, so him. Rick was a little bewildered, but quickly settled and held her back, softly rubbing a thumb up and down to calm her.

She was in over her head and she didn't even remember drowning. How had she let him slip past her defenses? When had he taken such root in her heart? And more importantly, did he feel the same?

She couldn't ask him. She knew that. She knew the kind of man Rick was. Love for her or not, she knew the minute she let him know how important he was to her that he would run as fast as he could. He wasn't one for commitment.

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"Hurry up, for fucks sake!" Rick yelled into the glass dome where Karmina was currently attempting to plant little spore bombs. The only exit being a large hatch like door that was currently being held up by Rick, all his strength going into keeping the lever open.

"I'm trying!" she yelled back, "You want me to do it half assed!?"

"No, I just can't hold this handle all day while you run around in there smelling the fucking roses!"

"Finished! Heading your way now!" she shouted and turned to sprint out.

A sound rang out and startled Rick. He looked in the direction it came from to see someone up on the second floor balcony cocking their

gun and pointing it in his direction for, presumably, the second time.

"Hurry your sweet little ass up in there, we've got company!"

Karmina flinched at the sound of gunfire from outside the dome and started to run a little faster, yelling out for Rick as she went. The hatch to the dome slowly began to close in front of her, meaning Rick had to have let go, and the sudden silence from outside didn't help calm her at all.

"Are you okay!? What's going on?" she yelled, only a few strides away now. It was then that she saw something fall to the ground and skitter across the floor. It was his gun. "Rick!"

"I'm right here," he yelled, reaching into the space under the quickly closing door, "hurry!"

Karmina took a leap of faith and managed to grasp just under Rick's elbow. Without sparing a second, he pulled her through the opening, her feet sliding out from under her and causing her to fall onto her back, inevitably pulling Rick down with her. It was only seconds after her narrow escape that the door shut completely and the spore bombs went off, filling the dome with a growing green fog.

Rick and Karmina stared at each other, their eyes wide and breath heavy. Karmina was the one to break it, a large grin forming on her lips and letting out a hoot.

"We did it," she laughed, "We fucking did it!"

Rick's eyes flashed back and forth between hers for a few seconds before his hands made their way under her, one on the small of her back, the other behind her neck, and pulled her into a rough kiss. He'd caught her off guard, but it didn't take long for her to sink into his arms, throwing her own around his neck and letting out little moans as she felt his tongue on hers.

Rick pulled back, grabbing Karmina's wrists and holding them above her head with one hand before dipping back down to bite at her neck, pulling sharp yips from her as he did. Her legs squirmed beneath him and she turned her head, opening up more room for him to continue teasing her as he was. She opened her eyes to look at Rick when she saw someone coming through the door in front of them. It was a little difficult, what with him being upside down and all, but she did recognize him.

"Carmine?" she said, questioningly.

"What?" Rick pulled himself back, looking down to see her intently staring in front of the two of them and followed her gaze. Standing a few feet away was a very attractive young man who pulled out his gun and promptly pointed it at the two of them. Rick reacted quickly, pulling Karmina close to him and rolling out of the way of the plasma shot that would have hit its mark.

Karmina righted herself, now sitting on Rick's lap, and looked in the direction of their attacker. Tick watched as the man quickly stepped forward, grabbing Karmina by her arm and dragging her up and off of

him.

"Woah, What the fuck?" Rick yelled, scrambling to get up.

The man pointed his gun at him and pulled Karmina to his hip, a threatening look in his eye. He wasn't tall, maybe five foot ten, and he had a muscular build and tan skin. His hair was black and wavy and pressed to his head, he even had a bit of scruff on his chin. He was an attractive young man, but none of that mattered.

"Hey, it's okay, it's okay!" Karmina yelled out, hitting the uniformed man with an open hand on his chest.

"You don't have to worry, Mimi, you're safe now." He looked down at her and smiled.

"I was safe before," she tried to explain, "And don't call me Mimi, I've told you how much I hate that. If you're gonna shorten it, just call me Kara. Sheesh."

"Kara then," he relented, "But you do know who this is right?" he asked.

"Yes, this is Rick."

"His name is, oh," he stopped, realizing she was more informed than he thought, "Yes, Rick Sanchez."

Rick cleared his throat then and the two turned to see him standing in an annoyed stance, his arms crossed. "You know this," he paused looking him up and down, "pretty boy?"

The insult pulled a laugh from her, "Yes, This is Carmine. We used to work together."

"Carmine?" Rick smirked, "Please tell me you two are twins; otherwise there is no excuse for your names to rhyme."

"No, we're not related," Karmina said with a laugh.

"And we were more than partners," Carmine added.

"Not by much," she retorted playfully, though the words seemed to weigh harder on Carmine than on her. Rick caught the disappointed look in his eye as she pulled herself from his grasp.

"So why are you here with Sanchez?" he asked.

"We were dealing with the facility. I wouldn't open that dome for a little while." Karmina pointed to the now completely fogged over dome. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, that actually. It seems as though you've done my work for me. Not to mention brought a wanted criminal right into my hands."

Carmine took a step towards Rick and Karmina quickly moved between the two of them, a sharp look in her eye.

"I'm sorry Carrie, but Rick's not going anywhere."

"Carrie?" Rick scoffed.

The other man ignored him and continued, "This man just attacked you, he's a criminal. We managed to get her just in time," he said, grasping her hands in his.

"Yea, you came just in time to interrupt. Rick and I are a bit of an item."

"What? When did that happen, how did that happen."

"Because he's smart and funny and kind to me."

Carmine stood there, astonished, and glanced back at Rick, who shrugged his shoulders at him.

"Well that means nothing. I still have to take him."

"If I remember correctly, you still owe me a favour from a long time ago and I'm calling it in right now."

Rick watched as the tan man-child let out a shocked gasp. Karmina crossed her arms and he huffed his chest in a ridiculous show of dominance that anyone with eyes could tell he didn't have and finally spoke again.

"Fine. But we're even then. I'm gonna get in a lot of trouble over this, you know."

Karina smiled, no longer needing the façade now that she'd gotten her way. "I know, and I really do appreciate it." She went up on her toes and kissed his cheek before daintily running towards Rick and hugging his arm to her. She waved goodbye and began to pull Rick in the direction of the door.

He let himself be led back to the ship, but his gaze didn't leave Carmine's face until they were no longer in the room with the man. Rick's eyes were in a tight line as he fell from view. He didn't like the way he had looked at Karmina, like she was something he could obtain, like she was weaker or less than she was.

He didn't like him at all.

Karina hopped into the passenger seat and buckled in before turning to look at Rick.

"What's with the grouchy face?" she asked.

"What grouchy face?"

"That one," she said, poking his cheek.

"I-I-It's, it's nothing." Rick took a swig from his flask and put the ship into gear, taking off.

"I don't believe you."

Rick rolled his eyes and sighed but said nothing.

"You're not jealous are you?" she asked, "Honestly, we weren't ever a thing. I mean, we had sex a few times, but still-"

"I don't care who you fuck," Rick said, cutting her off, "You could be fucking him on the side ri-urp-ight now, and I wouldn't care. I'm not the jealous type, never- I never was."

"So what's the matter then, you can't honestly tell me there's nothing wrong with you." Karmina reached into his coat pocket and pulled out his flask, taking a mouthful for herself. "You're obviously upset."

"Really," he pushed, "I-it's nothi- It's not important."

Karmina gave him a critical look for a few seconds before relenting. "Oh. I think I know what it is."

"Uuuggghhh," Rick let out a low groan, "I told you, its nothi-"

He stopped mid-word as he looked over to see Karmina staring at him with an evil look in her eye. She unbuckled her seatbelt and leaned close to him, her lips so close to his ear he could feel the heat from her breath on his skin.

"You're just mad we got interrupted, aren't you."

Rick didn't answer but she didn't seem to require one. He felt her tongue trail up his ear lightly before she took it in her mouth and bit at it, sending a shiver down his spine. She let out a satisfied groan at the strength of his reaction and took it as permission to keep going, tailing her tongue down his neck as her hand made its way to Rick's lap.

"Best pay attention," she commented before letting her hand roam, feeling his thigh until she found it. She felt it against her hand through his jeans and a shiver ran down her spine. She pressed a bit and began to rub it lightly.

She felt him stiffen at the action, sitting up a little straighter.

Karmina licked her lips as she felt him growing beneath her hand. She could hear his breaths, heavy, just a few inches away from her. She wanted it. She needed it.

Then she broke.

Karmina scooted closer and leaned over, both her hands in-between his legs now, quickly unbuttoning and unzipping his pants before he can react.

"Wait," he said once he realized, but she didn't. She pulled out his manhood and felt her tongue lash against her lips as she just looked at it a moment, trembling with anticipation. Then she leaned forward and let her tongue loll out of her mouth a moment before licking the head softly.

She heard a moan escape his lips and felt a bolt of pleasure rock through her from it. She pressed her tongue to him again, licking to the base and back up. Listening to his moans, feeling him tense up,

and loving every second of it. Karmina let her tongue roll around the tip a few more times before she pursed her lips and pressed them to him, taking him into her mouth slowly, all the way down, as much as she could take, until she can no longer breathe and he pressed against the back of her throat, and then came back.

The loud moan that Rick gave in reply made her give one of my own. Karmina moaned onto him, taking him in again and again. His wonderful taste in her mouth and his beautiful sound in her earsâ€¦pleasure all around.

"Holy shit, Kara. Fuck," Rick moaned out, grabbing her arm with one hand and holding onto her tightly

She moved faster and faster, letting her tongue flick around him while he's inside, rubbing her hand on what isn't, rejoicing in this moment of gratification.

Karmina could hear his moans grow in pitch and as she realized what that meant she felt herself getting excited. She wanted to taste him. She wanted to see his face when she sat up and he realized she'd taken it, that she'd swallowed it. Karmina quickened her pace, taking him deeper into her mouth as his moans grew louder and his grip on her grew tighter.

She timed it perfectly, holding him as deep as she could just as his moans became the loudest. Rick held her arm tightly, his breath becoming ragged as he came. She could feel him twitching in her mouth and she pulled back, just enough so she could lick the tip, cleaning it off, before finally letting him free from her mouth.

Rick looked down at Karmina with a large grin on his face. "Where'd you learn to do that?"

"Self-taught," she said, proudly. "You're good at the things you enjoy."

"Oh, is that so?" he asked, "If it's something you like so much, why is this the first I'm hearing about it?"

"Probably because whenever you get remotely in the mood you just attack me," she explained, sitting upright in her chair and opening a compact to check her makeup. "Don't get me wrong though, I love that too."

"Well, I think it's time I return the favour."

Karmina hadn't even noticed that they'd landed back on earth. Rick currently had them parked on a grassy cliff at the edge of some trees, the view of the city below was beautiful.

"Oh, wow, Rick. It's really pretty here," She said, getting out and walking towards the edge.

Rick followed slowly, his hands settling on her waist and pulling her back into him. She could feel just how aroused he still was.

"It's my turn," he said, unzipping the back of her dress and letting it fall into a pile around her ankles before turning her around to look at him. She smiled, unhooking her bra and letting it fall to the

ground, quickly followed by her underwear. His eyes roamed Karmina's now naked body, his hands sliding over her waist and hips and thighs, before he threw her onto the hood of the ship.

"Oh," She cried out before biting her lip.

"So you like giving head huh?" he asked, his hands cupping her ass, feeling the soft skin and grabbing it.

"I've never found anything that made me wet quicker," she answered with a smirk, "The deeper the better."

"I can see that," Rick replied, his fingers toying at her entrance which was dripping.

The feeling of him touching her pulled out a slight moan, her eyes drifting shut.

"Moan for me sweetheart," he cooed to her. She couldn't see his face, but she assumed he must have his usual smirk that she loved so much.

"Make me."

There was a brief pause as a wide grin grew over Rick's lips.

"Yes Ma'am," he said in a snarky voice before slamming himself into her. She yelped in sudden pleasure as his cock plunged into her. He pulled her hips on his with each and every motion, his hands creeping along her sides. His fingertips ran under her arms and along the sides of her breasts, arching between her shoulders and tracing her spinal column down, slowly, to the small of her back. Her spine bowed downwards, raising her gaze ahead of her as hair fell before her eyes with each disheveling push into her sex.

He circled his thumbs just above her tailbone, and a tertiary, moist contact met between them. Karmina's skin tensed and she let out a shivering moan as the wet extension traced the base of her spine and up, over the curvature of her skin. It rose, between her shoulders and up her arched neck. It was there that she realized it was his tongue.

"Oh god," Karmina whispered in realization and let a pleasurable shiver roll through her. She raised her hips, moving to match as Rick picked up his pace, vigorously pounding against her. His grip tightened on her just as hers tightened on the end of the couch. He reached forward and grabbed onto her shoulders, using the momentum of her whole body to punctuate every thrust with a pulse surging grunt or a tempo catching moan. Rick swiveled his hips as he thrust, stirring her insides as he muttered curses under his breath. Blissful curses of ecstasy.

Karmina could feel her insides heating up. It drove her absolutely crazy. Her moans turned into noisy yelps and her yelps turned into loud screams as a hand reached back for his hips. Her voice jerked with his thrusts and her eyes rolled in their sockets as she felt herself dragged through such unending pleasure.

"Fuck!" Rick barked his grip on her shoulder tightening as he thrust with peaked speed and an erratic breath. "Kara, I'm gonna

fucking-!"

"In me!" Karmina grunted back at him, clutching a hand to her hips.
"I want it in me, Rick!"

Rick seized and leaned over her, thrusting into her as a splash of warm fluid poured out of his throbbing cock and into her aching sex. She could feel it spilling out of her, around his filling presence. Certainly, she was going to pass out at this rate. She didn't care. It felt too good to care. Rick slowly released his vice on her and stepped back, watching her legs shake as his seed seeped from between them. He took several deep breaths, his throat burning from him breathing in such sharp breaths during what he could only identify as some the most vehement sex he'd ever had.

Karmina grinned softly to herself.

"How was that for returning the favour?" Rick asked, leaning against the hood next to her.

She let her head lay on the cool metal of the ship and looked up at him with a smile. "I think it'll do."

"It'll do!?" he yelled, throwing his arms up, "That's all, 'It'll do'!?"

His overreaction made Karmina laugh and she pulled herself closer to him, letting her head rest on his thigh. "Yea, I'll do."

Rick lightly set his hand on her head, fiddling with her hair while he continued mumbling. "I'll just have to get you back sometime, maybe a surprise attack, how would you like that, huh?"

"Oh, that would be terrible," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. The idea sounded amazing in all actuality.

"Well, sneak attack it is then. Better keep your eyes open."

"I'll have to do that," she said with a giggle.

Then the two sat in silence looking out over the city lights, just fulfilled and happy.

4. Chapter 4

****Hedgehog's Dilemma ****

Karmina smiled, scooping up her last spoonful of peas as she watched the family talking excitedly about Rick and Morty's most recent adventure.

"You should have seen him, he-he-he totally lost it."

"Really?" Summer asked, standing up and beginning to collect the dishes.

"Yea, it was pretty scary, but it wasn't really my fault. I mean, it was the candy bars that I ate."

"Candy bars?" she asked, turning to Rick who was standing as well.

"Eee-urp-eh," he groaned, waving the question off.

"Yea, they had something called purgenol, it brought out my inner rage."

"Is that so?" Beth asked, handing the casserole dish to Jerry and asking, "Sweetie, can you take this to the kitchen?"

"Yea, yea," he replied and took the dish.

"Hang on dad, I'll be there to help in a minute!" Summer called out. "So wait, what was that thing I sent you?"

"I-it was like, this disk that when you step on it, it gives you like, power armour," Morty began explaining, following his sister, Rick not far behind.

"Once again, Morty, you're only twenty percent correct, holding that title strong, aren't ya?"

Karmina stood slowly, picking up her plate and joining everyone else into the kitchen. She smiled, putting her plate in the sink while watching Rick explain the power suits that they had used to survive on the purge planet. Summer listened carefully, her eyes wide. Her enthusiasm was sweet, made her think of her own childhood, back before everything she knew had been thrown on its head. She'd had a family like this once, even if it felt like centuries ago.

Typically she tried not to think of those days, but that wasn't always a possibility. There were times when Rick would become angry with Morty or Summer and she would become argumentative, more defending her own past than them. She didn't want Rick to take his family for granted as she had once with hers, but she knew he didn't, really. If anything, his returning to them after such an absence showed that he understood even more than he probably let on.

Rick turned, moving from facing opposite of her into a stance where she could see his face, and what lingered there struck her in a way she did not expect it to. Rick was watching Summer and Morty talk, his hands on both of their shoulders, and on his face sat the most contented smile she'd ever seen on him. All the usual stress lines, the furrowed brows, they were all gone now, melted away, and in their place a happiness that she had wanted for so long.

Suddenly, Karmina could feel her heart jump into her throat. She could feel her emotions bubbling up and quickly attempted to quell them, but it was too late, they'd gone too far. She stood there watching as Rick conversed with his family. They all really loved him, even Jerry seemed happy he was there, something that was in rare in his company these days.

Rick's smile was something that she wasn't prepared for. It was so genuine. She stared at him as he held his grandchildren, watching his family, his eyes soft and his smirk gone. There was nothing playful or disconcerting in this face, only peace. It was the face of a man looking upon something he had created with pride. This was his family, and he loved them.

Such a face was one that made her want to protect it, to make sure it would never fall to a grimace again. The feeling was so strong that it made her stomach clench and the surprise of it knocked the wind out of her. With a short gasp, Karmina brought her hand to rest on her chest and tried once again to quell this surge of feelings.

The sound attracted Rick's attention and he turned to see her staring at him, her eyes wide with concern.

"Are you okay?" he asked, the smile falling, it was like a dagger to her heart.

"Yes," she said with a humourless chuckle, "sorry, I got a little lost in my own thoughts there for a second."

Rick nodded, seeming to accept this answer and turned to the rest of the family.

"Well, I think we're going to retire to the garage, still have some things I want to," Rick paused and turned to glance at Karmina, "tinker with something," he announced, gripping Karmina's wrist and pulling her behind him and out the door.

"Well that was sudden," she said, trying to avoid the subject of her little emotional burst, but Rick remained silent, pulling her through the garage door and closing it behind them. Once inside he let go of her, not turning the light on and instead, disappearing into the darkness.

"Rick?" she asked, her arms reaching out into the unknown, searching for Rick or the light switch, whichever came first. "Rick, where'd you go?"

"Right here," came a low voice, much closer to her than she had assumed he was.

And then he was all around her, his hands on the door at either side of her head and his face just inches from hers. Her breath caught and she shivered at the sudden closes of their bodies. Before she could find her center, Rick wrapped one arm around her waist, pulling her into him with a low growl and leaned down to bite at her neck. Karmina moaned and moved to wrap her arms around Rick's waist but he stopped her; instead, he took a firm grasp on her upper arm, spinning her around and shoving her up against the door. He pressed his whole body against hers, his lips at her ear.

"No, no, no," Rick whispered in her ear while one of his hands snaked around her waist, finding its way under her skirt and onto her throbbing warmth, "I believe I promised you a sneak attack, and I intend to follow through."

Karmina was left gasping, one hand pinned to the door under Rick's iron grip, the other reaching back to hold onto him. Deep moans emanated from her as Rick showed off how talented he was with his hands, effectively turning the poor girl into a puddle, her knees trembling and threatening to give out on her.

A smile grew on Rick's lips as he felt her melting under his touch. "Did I catch you sufficiently off guard?" Karmina nodded and Rick

began thrusting his fingers into her a little more roughly, "No, I want to hear you say it," he commanded.

"A-ah, yes," she yelped.

"Good." Rick stopped then, pulling away for a moment to undo his belt.

Karmina could hear him fidgeting with his clothes and waited patiently until she could feel his engorged length as he pressed it between her thighs and against her wetness. Surprised, she gasped and Rick laughed at this, moving his hands to hold her legs tightly together and thrusting into them, a low moan falling from his lips and sending a shiver down her spine.

"W-wait," Karmina called out.

"Why?" he asked, not giving pause for even a moment.

"A-ah, I-I want to try s-ah-something," she attempted to ask between breaths.

"Oh, do you?" he asked, slowing a little to think. "Alright," he decided, stopping and stepping back, "What do you need me to do?"

Karmina took a moment to catch her breath before turning to face her very enthusiastic partner. "Lay down, just, on the ground."

Rick obliged, laying on his back and watched as Karmina pranced over to him, the smile never leaving his face. She shimmed her underwear down her legs, kicking them off and into the darkness before throwing one leg over him and settling down on his lap. She bit her lip, giving Rick a sensual look as she settled in, all the while her warmth pressed against his, the small motions causing little muscle twitches to flow through Rick as he laid there in her clutches.

"Heehee." She seemed to be enjoying this. Rick closed his eyes and sighed and she used the opportunity to grind on him, pressing herself to him. She could feel how hard he already was just from her taking the reins.

Rick, surprised at the sudden movement, gasped audibly and grabbed her hips, pulling a low moan out of her which only excited him more.

"Rick," she moaned, grabbing his hands and pulling them, guiding over her hips and waist, slowly up to her breasts where she guided him to pull the front of her dress down to reveal her bare chest, moving his hands and pressing herself into them; her mouth opening and her eyes becoming deep. Rick let her move him without revolt, watching her control him.

Rick let out a low and contented groan at the feeling of her wetness pressing on him, skin to skin, her dress spread out, hiding their indecent display. She smiled, sliding forward and back, watching his reaction. His hands groped at Karmina's stomach and waist, sliding down to her thighs, his mind slowly shutting off. Rick closed his eyes and let his head fall, just feeling it.

This is when she switched up tactics, pressing on his chest and holding herself up. Rick looked up at Karmina, puzzled, to see her slowly pressing the tip to her opening, slowly letting herself lower onto him, but stopped just at the base of the head. He could feel how tight she was just from that moment, but the lack of more was driving him crazy. He tried to press his hips up instinctively but found he couldn't, looking down to find his thighs being held down by her feet which she locked over him.

Karmina grinned. "I can feel you trying to thrust into me." She wriggled her hips, stirring the head inside of her warmth. Rick's breath caught in his throat and he struggled to try and thrust up and into her but, she had him pinned. Her grin grew as she watched him try; watched his flaccid expression as she built up the desire in him, watched as he grabbed at her. Her grin grew even more as she slid down painfully slowly, until he was completely inside and stopped, giving Rick a moment to take a few deep breaths before she started to contract the muscles inside, tightening and loosening, pushing and pulling, internally stroking. Rick gasped and his hands tightened on her hips. This movement along with the feeling of him twitching inside her caused her to moan, her hands turning into fists on his chest. Using this as leverage, she pushed herself slowly back up, drawing a long breath out of Rick and, just as she reached the tip, she looked at his face to see him smiling.

Before she could question him, he pulled her hips down onto him hard and fast. She hadn't expected the sneak attack and her body filled with pleasure; dropping her head and arching her back, she moaned loudly. Her voluminous eruption made Rick's skin tingle and he lifted her hips back up and pulled her down onto him again, extracting another large scale reaction from her.

She was like a drug. Every time he pulled Karmina down onto him her reactions grew and each time she reacted his desire grew. Eventually he couldn't stand the slow pace anymore and grabbed her shoulders, pushing her backwards. Her black hair piled around her on the floor and he sat up, pulling himself on top of her. He grinned down at her, rubbing her clit just a moment before repositioning himself to re-enter her. He could feel her legs on his sides, brushing his waist and beginning to wrap around his hips; confirmation that he wasn't the only one who demanded more.

In a simultaneous motion, Karmina clasped around his waist with her legs and he thrust into her, a carefully placed jab at her ecstasy, evoking a hiccup of unrestrained pleasure from deep within her throat. Her elbows rested just behind her, lifting her body up and arching it backwards as his hands rose along her naval. Karmina's body was a bridge and his hands were the stimulatory vehicles that traversed it. He withdrew, slowly and momentarily, before pounding back into her, ensuring that every long retraction was punctuated by an exclamatory thrust. His hands moved along the seduction she wore and over her breasts, sensitive nipples brushing against every strand of thin silk lace he dragged up her body. His palms found their place on her shoulders, pinning them behind her while her back bowed up, pressing her body into his.

Rick was coming to a head, rapidly approaching a peak he wanted to experience in her company rather than alone. Acting fast, he slipped himself out of her warmth, fighting against the strong tug of her

calf muscles and sat back on his heels. Panting, she looked to him, a face blended with a mixture of puzzled and aroused blinking at him from what, after the close proximity they shared moments before, felt like a mile away. He took a few steady breaths to keep himself in check, ensuring he wouldn't erupt too soon. He wanted to milk out their ecstasy.

"Get on your hands and knees," Rick commanded, taking stiff control of the situation with a sly grin. She bit her lip back at him in wordless obedience. Karmina first came to her side, her knees connecting in an innocent position that he adored, despite full knowledge of her lack, thereof. Her balance shifted and she raised her tailbone to him, exposing herself to his voyeuristic eye and permitting perfect, unobstructed access to her most sensual points. Her head bowed low and she propped herself on her elbows to maintain a steady center of gravity. Karmina lowered her shoulders and looked at him from underneath her whole body, a gentle sway of her hips as nervous thoughts enclosed upon her simultaneously as Rick stood on his knees and approached.

A gentle, directionless prod was enough to evoke a jump from Karmina and he smiled to satisfaction. With his hand to guide him, he angled his member towards her warmth and leaned forward, slowly moving in as he held his weight over her. His hands ran along her back, brushing the silk she donned up her spine. His slow movements were almost just as stimulating as his faster ones, the slow raking of her insides as he pushed ever further in until his mouth was level with her ear. He pulled a few strands of her black hair behind her ear and bit her lobe playfully, evoking a twitching wince that resonated even deep within her. His breath tickled her neck as he chuckled and felt her exterior warmth press against his crotch.

It was time to really get started.

Rick steadied himself with his arm, spacing them not too far from her own as he retracted his hips and thrust forward again, now at a slightly faster speed. Each thrust was punctuated with a soft exhalation, and each thrust grew progressively quicker. Soon, it grew too difficult to balance his movements with his arms and, instead, gripped her thin waist in his hands, pulling Karmina into him and managing to force a squeak of pleasure with each full stroke. She was small. He could almost feel himself pressing against her insides and trying to escape her abdomen, a strange alien creature birthed in a host of warmth and wetness. He had her in a tight hold and began to quicken his pace, pelvis pumping at a different angle from before with the sole purpose of stimulation.

Karmina's gasps became more audible with each withdrawal and a yelp of pleasure as he prodded deep inside. He stirred his hips, purposefully rotating her hips opposite of his to drastically increase the difference in thrusting angles. Her mouth stayed open and allowed for more noise to surface from her throat silenced only by a hand she had cupped over her lips to stifle herself. With her other hand, she reached back to him, fingers wrapped around his wrist to become more in sync with his thrusts as well as to urge him on further, clinging for more.

Rick's smile bared his teeth, thrusting harder with the encouragement of her ecstatic sounds. A hand held her at the shoulder, pulling her whole body into his hips with each movement, ensuring absolute

motion. Karmina's head reeled up in pleasure, her fingers just blocking out the begging cries of lust, filtering it into merely muffled, encouraging whimpers. He wondered how her face looked, making such desperate noises. Her pleasure, written on her face in blush and screams. He desired to see it. He pined for it.

He slowed the pace again and grabbed her thigh, lifting it and turning her around him as he remained inside. Karmina let go of his arm and came to her side, slowly rotating around to lay on her back as he pinned her shoulders down and gazed into her eyes. Suspending himself above her, he began the pace once again without ascension, simply returning to the speed he was graciously fucking her at before. He raked his fingers down her chest, pulling the neckline of her dress past her breasts on their way down to clutching her firm hips, squeezing her abdomen with him inside. He leaned down and kissed her breast, tongue circling her exposed nipple and teeth cautiously pulling at it. Anything to take her to the grand canyon of ecstasy and throw her off the edge, screaming.

"I'm so close," Karmina moaned into her hands, her eyes closing tighter, "I'm gonna cum!"

Rick reached up and grabbed her wrists, pressing them to the ground on either side of her head. "Don't cover your mouth, I want to hear it."

Karmina's eyes widened and she moaned a low, deep moan, shivering and letting her eyes roll back. Then it came. The uncontrolled convulsions around his girth, tightening onto him and sealing him inside as her hips bucked and her legs strained. Her breaths were fast and hard, forcing a rise in her chest with every deep inhalation and evoking a soft steam from within every exhale. Her air was quivering as was her body. Shockwaves stemming from an epicenter inside of her where they conjoined, sending aftershocks through both of their wholes and she squeaked with every quake.

He let Karmina's arms free and leaned back, gripping her hips and pulling her trembling form onto him. She brought her fingers down her sides, nails gently lining her ribs before crossing her abdomen and feeling somewhere, just within her, his thrusts. Her toes curled as her legs tightened on him, ensuring he'd never leave the warm sanctity of her sex. She turned her wrists and flattened her palms on Rick's body, feeling every detail of his chest as her fingers rose to his hair and pulled him close, her lips reaching his neck. Electricity shot through them, as if the current had been completed by their dual contact of ecstasy and grace. Shivers erupted within the both of them and she could feel a boiling warmth enter her as his thrusts shuddered and shook.

He came and he was still going.

As if encouraged by the moans that escaped her lips, only to enter his, Rick gripped onto Karmina's shoulders tightly and didn't hesitate to keep up the pace. His thrusts were no longer drawn out for the sake of teasing anticipation, they were hard and quick with every intent to make her squeal. They succeeded. Her lips pressed to his neck, nipping and licking at his skin. This tease was only broken by noisy yelps, each one the echo of a prefacing thrust. Rick leaned back onto his own center of balance and held her legs tight under his arms, utilizing them to bring her hips right into his as he thrust.

She could feel oozing from deep inside of her, leaking all over her in sweat, saliva, and sex, dripping over her skin slowly, as if to contrast the rapidity of Rick's movements.

Karina was going numb in the head, her eyes were rolling back, and she was saying his name, over and over, with each thrust. It was coming. The visceral pleasure that bubbled at the base of her neck rose like mercury in a thermometer, enveloping her whole mind in hot ecstasy. She ran her fingers through her hair; each strand that touched her skin was a needle, filled with a highly addictive drug that would bring her to nirvana again.

Karina gasped loudly and threw her arms around Rick's neck, pulling him into her chest, his face buried in her breasts and hers buried in his hair. She moaned loudly, chanting, "I'm cumming again, oh god, I'm cumming again!" it was only a few more moments before the two collapsed into a gasping pile on the floor.

After a few moments of rest, Rick turned to Karina with a grin. "You want some help getting up and onto the cot or are you just gonna lay there on the cold floor all night?"

Karina giggled, holding her hand in the air in response. Rick stood, pulling her up after him and quickly scooping her up off her feet and into his arms before walking over to the cot and laying her down on it. Once he was sure she was comfortable he lied down beside her, letting his hand rest on her hip.

"Hey Rick," Karina began, looking at him with an intense look in her eyes, "I know we don't really do this, but I wanna tell you something."

"Sure," he offered, propping himself up on his elbow and waving for her to go on.

"I'm honestly, just so glad I met you. My whole life I've wanted to be like you, like Rick Sanchez. I remember reading stories about the crazy things you did, how you fought off an entire sector of galactic federation soldiers, when you brought down an entire planet worth of corporations with just one small business, I even have every single song you guys put out when you were in that thrasher metal band, the Flesh Curtains? Oh, my gosh," she smiled and covered her face with her hand, a blush coming over her cheeks, "I think my mother was ready to burn all of those cd's after like, three days. I played them non-stop. I knew every single word to every song in a week, easy. It was wonderful. I remember laying in my bed, the music so loud that I couldn't hear anything else, the base so high that I couldn't feel anything else, just lying there on the floor imagining standing at one of your concerts, watching you running around on the stage screaming your heart out.

"I looked up to you in everything I did. I wanted to be you. I didn't know how you did it; I assumed you were just always that way. You were everything I wasn't. You were strong and brave and ready for anything, and I wasn't. I was so scared. Every day, I was scared; never knowing what was going to happen next. And then the day came that everything changed." All the nostalgia drained from her face, a look Rick recognized taking its place. Despair.

"I'll never forget. I was twelve years old when they came. The

galactic federation showed up at our doorsteps and my mother told me to hide in the bunker under the kitchen. She grabbed a bunch of my clothes and shoved them into a bag, told me to get anything I didn't want to lose as fast as I could because I wouldn't see anything else again. I remember her crying. I grabbed a few things, my favorite stuffed animals, my sketchbook, some cd's and a few books, pictures of you." She laughed, but there was no humour in the sound. "Things that were so important to me at the time. Things I would trade just, unreasonable amounts of money to have back now."

She was silent for a moment, and Rick didn't interrupt, giving her as much time as she needed. She eventually took a deep breath and continued on

"They were banging on the door before we even had time to get the bunker door open. I couldn't see anything going on in the living room, but I could I could hear it. I heard the muffled sounds of the men trying to get in, and my father attempting to hold them back, trying to give me and my mother just a few more seconds. When my mother finished typing in the code and the door opened I heard a loud crashing sound from the living room. It was horrible. I'd never heard anything like it before. I didn't have much time to contemplate on it though.

"My mother was pushing me down the stairs when I heard the yelling, so many words at once that they all drowned each other out. I had no idea what was going on, what they were saying. That's when we heard the gunfire. I knew what that sound was, and so did my mother. Her eyes went wide and she pushed me inside, letting go of the lid and telling me to stay, to hide. The door didn't shut all the way, there was a crack that I could see through and I crawled up the steps and peeked through it, waiting for her to return. It was so loud, but I was able to make out little things. Lots of yelling and breaking things, they were obviously looking for something, I thought at the time; now I wonder if they were just trying to destroy every last little shred of our lives." She took another breath before going on. "I heard my mother scream and start crying and a few moments later I heard it stop abruptly and I knew. I knew, but I didn't let myself think it.

"I waited for so long. I just wanted her to come back, to close the door and sit in the bunker with me, to hold me close and pet my head. To shush me and tell me that it was all gonna be okay. That's all I wanted, more than anything in the world. But she didn't come back and the smashing sounds were getting closer and closer to the kitchen, and eventually I had to make a choice. I had to choose to stay and wait for her, to stand with my family and protect my home, or close the door and hide.

She let her face fall into her hands and held her breath, attempting to suppress a sob. When she knew that her body wouldn't betray her she started her story again. "I took the coward's way out. I shut the door and heard it seal and I ran down to hide under the table and cry. It was quiet, but I could still make out the sounds of the men ransacking the house. I'm not sure how long it took but eventually I fell asleep.

"I was down there by myself. My parents had stocked it well, I had food and water, so I wasn't hungry. I had my sketchbook and a cd player so I wasn't bored; but I was so lonely. Most of the days that

went by I have almost no memory of. They all kind of blend together. But after what I found out was three weeks, the men returned. They found the entrance to the bunker and blew it open. I was so scared. They were some kind of alien I'd never seen before then, big and menacing. I thought they were going to kill me; but they didn't. They just took me. Picked me up by my arms and dragged me out of the house. They dragged me past everything.

"It was so surreal, seeing the house the way it was. Whole walls were gone. The front door had been broken open in a way that shattered the wood. Parts of the house were so badly burned that it was impossible to tell what it had been, but the worst was seeing them. The bodies of my parents justâ€¦laying there. Holding each other."

Karmina reached out a hand and he took it without protest. He didn't say anything, but his expression was one of worry. Rick wasn't one for expressing negative emotion but it didn't mean he didn't care, and she knew that. This one little gesture made all the difference.

"They took me back to federation controlled planet and started my training. I became a soldier and then a spy. I was one of the best honeypot agents in my sector by the age of twenty. Then, one day, while on one of my simple rounds, my communicator went off and when I switched on my earpiece to see if I was needed all I could hear was screaming. It didn't really startle me, I was used to screaming; it was what everyone was saying. They were all going on about a criminal on the run, a smuggler. I started jogging in the direction of the commotion to find just, chaos. There were people who were on the ground, whole stands knocked over, people who were turned to stone, some who were dead, and I was amazed and confused. When the commotion started to pick up again I looked in the direction of all the screaming and falling from the ceiling I saw them, the criminals. I had looked just in time to see them dart off and my heart skipped a beat. For the first time in so long, I was actually a little scared. When I ran after there was a shootout going on, no one was even able to look down the hallway without getting a shot to the head, but I tried anyway. I leaned in and looked just in time to see them run through the portal, just in time for my suspicion to be confirmed."

She looked up at Rick then, taking his hand in both of hers and scooting closer. "It was you. You and Morty, I realize now; though I didn't know him then. You were still alive. They had told us all you were dead, and like an idiot I believed them, but when I saw you, I knew, this was my chance, I was gonna defect. I ran into the room before any of the others could follow and started typing in a new destination, one where I could regroup and get together. I kept the other soldiers back by telling them I was trying to trace you the second I got the coordinates locked in I ran for the portal, shooting the control box just as I leaped through. I hit the ground and watched the portal close behind me. I was safe.

"I had a lot of good connections and I found that being an assassin fit with the skills I had. I was my own boss and it paid the bills. I only killed who I wanted to kill, not who the government told me to kill. I was finally what I thought I wanted to be. I was happy, to a degree, but I didn't know the price of that life. And while it was steep, I wouldn't change it for anything, because it's made me who I am today. It brought me to you, and that's worth all the pain I've

ever gone through."

Rick stared at her for a moment before reaching forward and taking hold of Karmina by the back of her neck, pulling her roughly towards him. She exclaimed in surprise and fell beside him just as he pressed his lips to hers and shifted, holding himself over her. The kiss was intense, pulling Karmina from her thoughts and throwing her into a dizzy state.

His hands were all over her, lighting trails of flame up and down her body. He grabbed her thighs pulling them up and holding them just under her knees, pressing himself onto her. His actions were so urgent, as if something were to be lost if he stopped. It was all but impossible not to get lost in the passion that seemed to embody him in that moment, and she let herself be taken by it.

Karmina wrapped her arms around Rick's neck, holding him as close as physics would let her as she felt him fill her once again. He settled his head in the crook of her neck, kissing along her collarbone and trailing his teeth along her skin, all the while letting her gasps and moans spur him on further. It wasn't long before she could feel her climax building deep inside of her and Rick recognized this, thrusting harder and deeper with each movement. She let her nails rake down his back as she overflowed with pleasure.

"Yes, Kara, I want you to fucking cum for me," Rick groaned, throwing her knees over his shoulders and holding her legs tightly, turning to give her inner thigh a few love bites.

"Oh god, Rick," Karmina gasped, her eyes rolling back, the sound of Rick moaning her name in such a sexual manner sent ripples of bliss through her whole being.

"Fuck, Kara, call for me," he growled, "fucking call for me."

"Rick, oh god, you feel so good," she whimpered, "Oh, Rick, fuck me, fuck me!"

"Shit, Kara," Rick howled, his head falling and his body stiffening up, "Fuck!"

Karmina wrapped her legs around his back, pulling him deeper into her as he filled her with his warm cum.

They two laid there, tangled in their heated embrace, just holding each other until Karmina could hear Rick's soft breathing become regular and she gently shifted, letting him roll onto his side. She just laid there, watching him as he slept.

Rick's light snoring was like a lullaby. He looked different when he was asleep, all the wrinkles that had been engrained into his skin seemed to melt away, leaving behind a clean slate, like a window into his past; as if she could see the "him" without any troubles.

The thought struck a chord in her, the interdimensional goggles. She could use them to see things about him!

Carefully, Karmina rose from the cot and walked over to his desk, rummaging in the cabinets as quietly as she could until she finally found them. She held the goggles in her hand, examining them as she

walked back and sat next to Rick on the ground. They were an interesting invention for someone like Rick, who never seemed to care about the different versions of himself. He tended to make fun of the others, calling them self-absorbed when they wanted to use the contraption; but he had built it, hadn't he? Why would he if he wasn't at least a little curious, himself.

She pulled them over her eyes and turned them on. The screen glimmered a second before quickly turning to, what looked like, a space port. The view shifted as the person turned and began to walk in the opposite direction and Karmina quickly understood that this was not another version of Rick, but her old position guarding the very space port she had first seen Rick in. It must be a version of her that hadn't gone to follow him.

Feeling silly, she pulled the goggles off and held them in her lap, staring down at them. She couldn't watch Rick because if she was looking into them they would attach to her DNA signature, he would have to be looking into them. She picked them up and as they approached her face, the screen lit up once again.

This caught her attention. The machine was a solid foot away from her and still worked. If they could pick up her signature from this far away maybe she could hold it close to Rick's sleeping face and watch while sitting behind.

Newly excited, she positioned herself behind his head and held the goggles steady, waiting. The screen went black again for a few seconds before turning back on and showing a set of hands holding a steering wheel. She immediately recognized the interior of Rick's ship and had to hold back a squeal of success.

She turned the little nob on the side, fazing through different versions of Rick; some very similar to who he was now, some very different. A few didn't even look like him at all, and others weren't even human. It fascinated her how many there were. She only had a hundred or so alternate versions of her, or at least versions that were different enough that they were worth looking at; but Rick had thousands. She assumed that, due to his inquisitive nature and high intellect, he had more opportunities to make such varied versions of himself through the choices he made.

She started to wonder if she had more versions of herself now that she'd intertwined her choices with his, but the thought dissipated entirely when she turned the nob a final time and the image showed up clearly in front of her.

This Rick's reality was incredibly close to her Rick's, the only real difference seemingly being her absence. Rick had stepped through a portal and was talking to Beth and Summer, who seemed concerned, but he brushed her off with a wave of his hand. She couldn't hear what they were saying since she was holding the whole device so far away from her, but she could see from context that it wasn't good.

Karmina watched as Rick walked to the garage, taking a large swig from his flask and began to dig in the cupboards, coming out holding two things that looked like large lightbulbs with red crystals in them. He sat them on the counter and quickly put two pieces onto a large machine in front of him before putting one of the bulbs into

the machine and powering it on.

She was confused but she continued to watch in silence as he took out a small statue, only to pour a strange liquid on it and bring it to life. The thing immediately started crying and he picked it up, softly petting it before holding it under the machine just as it finished charging. It took a lot of control to hold her voice back as the machine did its job, effectively turning the pitiful creature into dust.

In her chest, she could feel her heart pounding as she watched him sit down, removing the now broken bulb and tossing it away, replacing it with the second and powering on the machine again before sitting down and holding his head in the line of the laser. Just when she was sure that she was about to witness the very worst, he dropped his head down in a sob, the sound of the bulb exploding in the background sending a shiver down her spine.

She quickly turned the goggles off and sat them in her lap, staring ahead of her blankly. She didn't know what to do. What does one do with such information? Was Rick really suicidal? She had seen him fall into a few very low, lows, but never something bad enough that she thought he might possibly attempt to kill himself. She wanted to scream but waking Rick right now wouldn't be a good idea, not to mention the entire family inside.

Little particles of dust floated through the air in front of her vision, her eyes not really looking at anything, but when they finally began to focus on reality, she found herself staring at the cabinets under Rick's desk and a sudden urgency filled her.

Her feet took her across the room, seemingly of their own volition. Her hand stopped inches away from the handle, it was trembling. Karmina stood there then, just watching her hand as it hung in the air, waiting for the command to continue on. Did she want the answer to this question? What good would it do? If she opened the cupboard and they were in there, what would she do? And what if they weren't? What would either mean. What would she do with that information?

Nothing; she could do nothing with it. But having a useless answer seemed better than never knowing. Her resolve set and she opened the small door, her hands rummaging around in the piles of electronics and random knickknacks, searching desperately; but they found nothing.

When she was sure that there wasn't anything like what she'd seen in the goggles she stopped and leaned against the wood, sitting cross-legged, and took a deep breath. She honestly didn't feel any better. They weren't in here, which could mean anything. He could have never obtained the strange red lightbulb looking contraptions, or he could have already had them and used them; they would effectively be trash then.

A bolt of realization and fear shot through Karmina and she turned, her eyes locking onto the trash bin at the foot of the cot and staying there. She didn't know how long how long she sat there, just staring at it, but it was long enough that her ankles were beginning to ache in protest to how she was sitting.

With a deep breath, Karmina leaned forward; crawling to the can on her hands and knees slowly, her eyes never breaking contact. When she reached the bin she sat down on her knees and did nothing at first. It was a large bin, made of plastic and rectangular. It was supposed to be for recyclables but he used it for whatever he didn't want any longer. It was almost completely full, the top layer seeming to be made of mostly crumpled papers. She pulled a few out, looking at them before tossing them to the side.

Most were covered in equations or notes, all things that flew way over her head, but one paper caught her attention; it had looked more like a letter than the other notes which were scattered and incoherent. This one looked more put together. She shook her head, shoving it in her pocket to look at later and kept digging, finally reaching past the upper layer.

The box was full of strange things, chips, circuit board looking items, beakers, and even some regular trash, but something under what looked like a motherboard caught her eye. As she moved the unusual tech, she saw what it was hiding beneath it and she felt a pain in her chest. It was as if someone had stabbed her right in her heart; the suddenness of it taking her breath away and letting the panic set in. In the bottom of the bin sat a pile of little red shards of glass.

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Rick woke with a start, his eyes fluttering open and looking around, dazed. It was dark as pitch in the garage, but while he could only still see a little bit, his hearing was working just fine and what he was hearing made his brow furrow. He sat up and turned towards the sound to see Karmina sitting against his shelves, her face and arms tucked between her legs and her chest, trembling. Her sobs were quiet, but they pulled at something deep in Rick, something he hadn't felt in a while.

"Karmina." Her name fell from his lips as his chest grew tighter.

Before he had time to think about it, he was standing and walking towards her. He didn't have a plan exactly, he just knew he needed to do something.

"Karmina, what's wrong?" he asked, this time his voice a little louder.

Karmina looked up with a start, her eyes red and wide. She looked scared for a moment but it quickly left and her lip began to tremble. She bit it in an attempt to hide it and let out another sob. Her knees fell to the side and her arms went limp in her lap, making a strange noise when they did so.

He took one step forward and stopped, a loud crunch coming from under his foot. He quickly pulled it back and looked beneath it, seeing the glass that was now dust under his weight and looked back to Karmina, realizing what she had been holding. Rick fell to his knees in front of her, roughly grabbing her wrists and wrenching them closer, effectively pulling Karmina forward onto her knees in front of him, the glass in her lap scattering everywhere.

"Rick," Karmina whimpered, her crying almost hyperventilating as he examined her arms.

"You're covered in glass, what happened?"

"I saw- I didn't think-" she tried to answer through her tears, but was continuously interrupted by her chest heaving.

"Deep breaths, now, it's okay," He said in an attempt to calm her but he glanced back down at her arms and his face involuntarily contorted. Her arms were lined with little shards of glass, blood staining her clothes. "Where did all this glass come from?" he asked, mostly to himself.

"Th-the bin," She answered, pointing to the blue box.

"The trash? What were you doing in the trash?" he asked, carefully attempting to pull out some of the larger pieces from her skin.

"I was looking for them," she answered, her voice almost a whisper.

"For the glass?"

"For the bulbs."

"You were looking for the bulbs? Why?"

"Because I saw them," she started, her voice heavy, "I saw and I was scared, I'm sorry."

Rick took his attention off of her arms and looked up at Karmina, her eyes welling with tears. "What do you mean? Saw what?"

"I saw you use them, with the machine, Rick. I watched you almost kill yourself."

He was silent for a moment, just staring.

"I'm sorry," she breathed, her voice cracking and dropping her gaze, unable to look him in the eyes any longer.

"How," he started to ask, but stopped, standing and taking a step back.

"With the goggles."

"You were watching me through the goggles?" he asked, his voice so low it was almost inaudible.

"Yes," she said, her voice void of emotion "I was curious, so I watched some of your alternate realities and I saw you come in and talk with Beth for a moment before going to the garage a-and you made this machine and-"

"You were spying on me!?" he yelled suddenly, cutting her off.

"What?" she looked up at him, his anger startling her. "I-I just wanted to see what other versions of you there were?"

"Wh-what else did you see!?" he asked angrily, taking a menacing step towards her.

She pushed herself back up against the shelves, her eyes wide. "Just what I told you, Rick!"

"What did I say to Beth, was it about Unity?"

"What? I don't know, I couldn't hear you? What's Unity?"

"Don't say her name!" he yelled loudly and turned away from her. She reacted sharply, letting out a whimper as she watched his hands becoming fists at his sides.

"It's a person?"

"She's- she's not- no, I meanâ€¦ I-It's none of your business!" he shouted before stomping over to the cot and grabbing up her bag and shoving the scattered pieces of her clothing into it.

"Rick, what are you doing?" she asked, worried.

Karmina leaned forward and watched, confused, as Rick stormed around the room.

"Picking up you-, your shit."

"Wait, Rick?" she stood then, reaching out to grab his arm to stop him but when he felt her touch him he recoiled. It startled Karmina and she pulled her hand back quickly, feeling the prickling in her eyes start to return. He just stared at her a moment, obviously just as startled, but then reset the harsh look in his eye.

"Get out," he said, dropping the bag at her feet, his voice flat and his expression deadpan. She watched in silent shock as he walked over to his desk and sat down, pulling out a bottle, throwing the cap across the room.

"But Rick," she tried.

"Get out!" he shrieked without turning to look at her.

Karmina held back her emotion and leaned down, grabbing up her bag and turning to leave, but as her hand reached for the door knob it turned on its own.

"Uh, h-hey," came Morty's voice from the darkness in front of her. He stepped one foot into the garage and his eyes widened. "Oh man, wh-what happened in here? Is everything okay?"

"Everything's fine, Morty," she said, her voice giving away her true feelings. Karmina turned on her heel and walked to the garage door, punching the button to open it and storming out into the night. Before Morty could say anything in opposition she had pulled out her portal gun and was gone.

Morty turned back to Rick, who was taking long, hard swigs from his bottle of whiskey, and asked, "Was she, like- um, was she okay? She looked pretty angry, Rick."

"I honestly don't care Morty. Go back inside."

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Karmina sat up in her gurney-bed, staring at her arms while she waited for the nurse to return to the all-white room, really examining them for the first time now. There were pieces ranging from one to three centimeters in width scattered from her wrists to her elbows. It wasn't too bad, nothing that wouldn't heal, but she'd definitely have some scars. She attempted to pull one out and a flash of pain rocked through her, stopping her in her tracks.

The nurse returned then with a doctor and batted her hands away, warning her that she could make it worse. The doctor was of some alien species that Karmina knew she knew, but couldn't find the will to care enough to attempt to remember. She barely paid attention as the doctor explained the procedure and she signed whatever they put in front of her. Before she knew it she was already bandaged up and signing release papers.

"Make sure to avoid water on the bandages for a few days and don't scratch, no matter how itchy they get, okay?" the woman spoke to her as if she was a child.

Karmina nodded, signing and handing back the final paper.

"Before you go, we got a message for you while you were in with the doctor. Here you go, dearie."

The nurse handed her an envelope and smiled before walking off to attend to other patients. Karmina stared at the envelope for a long time before opening it and reading the letter inside.

Karmina,

I'm sorry you got hurt. Could you please meet me at these coordinates?

8821947532236

~Rick

Her heart skipped a beat and she quickly put in the coordinates on her portal gun. She knew she shouldn't be getting her hopes up, she knew how Rick was, and he wasn't one to change his mind quickly, if at all. And he most definitely wasn't one to forgive, but she couldn't help but feel hope that maybe things would be okay. People fought right? Couples?

If that's even what they were to him.

While she knew how she felt about Rick, he had never expressly let show how he felt of her. She had sort of assumed that he must feel the same because of the way he treated her, favoring her as he did, but she knew that he wasn't the monogamous type.

But she pushed all of that doubt from her mind as she stepped through the portal and towards whatever he was planning to come next.

End
file.